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OF OUR
COUNTRY

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UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.





Makers of Our Country

BIOGRAPHICAL STORIES
FROM UNITED STATES HISTORY

SKETCHES OF THOSE WHO HAD CHIEFLY TO DO
WITH THE DISCOVERY, EXPLORATION AND
DEVELOPMENT OF OUR COUNTRY - - -

ILLUSTRATED

✓
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INTRODUCTION.

THE aim of this little work is not to give a history of our country, but rather to awaken a desire on the part of the pupil to study that history. In no way can such a desire be aroused and strengthened as by accurate and interesting biographies of the men who had the most to do with the building of the nation.

I have selected, therefore, from the large number those who have made an imperishable record in our history. Each did well his appointed work and its study cannot fail to be useful to the young student. Nothing is so pleasing to children as stories, and when these can be made instructive their highest purpose is attained. What is more absorbing than the accounts of the great men, without whom our country could never have been what it is to-day? Those who discovered, who explored, who settled, who gave their lives for it, who developed its industries and who are still engaged in

its highest service—of these the boys and girls can not learn too much. These biographies may be considered as so many pegs upon which useful historical knowledge can be hung and added to by a fuller study of the United States history proper.

E. S. E.



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i.

CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

Dis-cov'ér-ies (kuv), that which is found out for the first time. Cōurts, residences of sovereigns. In-sist'ed, urged. Ėx'-pe-di'tion, an important enterprise. Fôôl'hård-y, brave without judgment. Mÿth'ic-al, imaginary. Ū'ni-form, a dress showing a person's rank. Pro-cēs'sion, a train of persons moving in order. Căv'al-căde, a procession of persons on horseback. Pă'tri-ărch', the father of a family. Dig'ni-ty, loftiness of manner. Bro-căde', silk or stuff ornamented with gold and silver. Măr'vel-ous, causing wonder. Flēēt, a number of ships.

IF YOU should ever visit It'-a-ly, you must not fail to go to the old city of Genoa (gen'o-ah). Many strange sights are there, but I am sure that none will please you more than a small, plain house of stone, with some words in Latin carved over the door. These words mean: "No house is more worthy. Here, under his father's roof, Christopher Columbus passed his boyhood and youth."

The Youth of Columbus.—It is strange that no one knows the year in which Columbus was born. Learned men have tried to find out, but all that is certain is that it was some time between the years 1430 and 1450. His father's business was to make wool

ready for the spinners. Christopher and his three brothers learned the trade and wrought with their father. Christopher was soon able to write a good hand, to speak and write Latin, and to draw maps and charts for the sailors who came into and left the port of Genoa. Few knew how to make maps and charts, and the boy earned fair pay.

You must remember that when Columbus was a boy few people in Europe had ever heard of America. There were dim, vague stories told now and then of strange lands far off beyond the Atlantic. The hardy sailors of Norway had really seen Greenland and a part of the New England coast. That, however, was more than four hundred years before Columbus was born and nearly every one had forgotten about it. Those who remembered did not believe the stories. The ships used by the navigators were small and the sailors were afraid to go very far out on the stormy ocean. They thought themselves quite brave when they cruised up and down the Měd'i-tēr-rā'ne-an. The jewels, silks, spices and drugs brought from Asia were carried on the backs of camels.

Columbus was a thoughtful boy and his heart was stirred by the accounts he heard of the discoveries made by Prince Henry, the son of the king of Portugal (pōar'tu-gal). This prince did not believe, like most people, that Africa stretched clear down to the South Pole. He thought there was a way of sailing round it. He sent out ship after ship to find the right course.

These discovered most of the coast of Africa. Columbus had learned to be a sailor, and when a young man went to Portugal and also sailed along the coast of Africa.

He went as far north, too, as England.

All this time he was studying and thinking. He was sure the world was round and the right course to Asia was to sail westward across the Atlantic. He had no idea that between Europe and Asia was another



CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

continent and an ocean three times as wide as the Atlantic.

The Efforts of Columbus to Obtain Help in his Enterprise.—Prince Henry was dead and Columbus went to the advisers of the king and told him his belief. He thought he ought to receive a large reward if he succeeded in discovering the new route. The men laughed at him, but the king thought maybe Columbus

was right. So he slyly sent out some of his captains to learn the truth. They were too timid to go very far and hurried back with word that no land was to be found. Columbus was angry when he learned how the king had acted, and left Portugal.

But he would not give up his belief. He went to Spain, which was ruled by King Fer'di-nānd and Queen Is'a-bēl-la. Spain had a great war going on and could give no heed to the dreamer, but Columbus followed the rulers from place to place, through summer and winter and for year after year. We call people like him "cranks," and look on them with pity. Only now and then could he find any one with patience to listen to him. His wife died, but, taking his little boy by the hand, he walked from town to town, sometimes begging for food. Then he would draw maps and sell them so as to be able to buy food and clothing. He was growing old, but he clung to his belief.

One thing stood in his way: he insisted that he should receive a large share in the value of the discoveries he made. Ferdinand would have helped him sooner but for this. The king shook his head when he heard the price the Italian (it-al'yan) sailor asked. Feeling at last that no hope was left for him in Spain, Columbus set out for France to find what he could do there. Some of his friends hurried to the queen and told her it would be a great mistake to let Columbus go. The queen sent a messenger in haste and brought him back. Then she told him she had made up her mind to

do as he wished. He should have means to make his wonderful voyage westward, and if he succeeded, he should be paid the price he asked. How delighted Columbus must have been when he heard these words! The good woman showed how earnest she was by offering to sell her jewels if it should be necessary to get the funds.

The Voyage of Discovery.—You would think that the real hardships of Columbus were ended when the means was given him to fit out his expedition, but it was not so. Even the most hardy sailors shrank from sailing out on the “Sea of Darkness,” as the Atlantic was called. They were certain they would tumble off the other side of the world or be eaten up by the dreadful monsters that sported in the distant waters. Finally a crew of something more than a hundred men was gathered and the start made. The expedition consisted of three car’a-vels, or small ships, named the *Santa Maria*, which was the largest and commanded by Columbus himself; the *Pinta* and the *Nina*. They sailed from Pā’los, Spain, August 3, 1492.

Perhaps you saw the models of these three caravels at the World’s Fair in Chicago. Compare them with the great steamships which now cross the Atlantic and you will agree that Columbus and his sailors were brave men to trust their lives in them. They could not know how far they would have to go and were certain to meet severe storms, while nearly all believed they were sail-

ing straight to death and would never see friends and home again.

Three weeks after starting, Columbus stopped at the Ca-nā'ry Isles for food and water. He then headed westward again. The weather was fair, and the heart of the navigator must have throbbed with emotion, as he sailed out on the mighty deep with nothing but sky and ocean in sight. He knew that every day and hour took him farther from Spain and nearer the far-off and unknown country. When they should arrive there and what it would prove to be, no one could tell.

The sailors did not feel as hopeful as Columbus. They were angry with themselves for having started upon so foolhardy an enterprise. They hoped something would happen to make the navigator turn back before it was too late. As day after day passed with the bows of the little vessels pointing toward the setting sun, and the foamy waters spreading away from the stern, with no sign of land or sail anywhere, strange things added to the alarm of the sailors. The tiny dancing needle of the compass stopped pointing toward the north. Columbus did not know what to make of it, but he was ready with an explanation that satisfied his men. He kept two records of his progress. He did not let the crew see the true one, but showed them another, which made it appear they had not sailed as far as was the fact.

The fears of the sailors increased. They grumbled and grew so sullen that they were ready to throw their

commander overboard and turn back. Hope continually changed to disappointment. When the cry of land was raised it proved to be caused by a bank of cloud. The appearance of bunches of floating grass and seaweed roused terror of a mythical frozen ocean, when it ought to have satisfied them they were near land. You would think that the sight of birds circling about the ship would have been sufficient to remove the alarm of the sailors, but they grew more discontented. By threats and promises of reward, Columbus got them to sail a few days longer to the westward, when, if land was not found, he promised to turn about and go back to Spain.

More signs of land appeared. A bush with red berries and a piece of carved wood floated by. The grass was of the kind that only grows on land. The birds became more plentiful, until the sailors were certain that they were drawing near the unknown country. They could think of nothing else and did not try to sleep.

Columbus took his place on the high deck at the stern of the *Santa Maria* to watch with the others for the first sight of land. He knew it must soon appear, but it might not be for hours. A hush rested upon all, for every one was peering through the gloom, on the alert to win the velvet coat that Columbus had promised to the first one that made the discovery.

What looked like a tiny star suddenly flashed out in the darkness. The heart of Columbus gave a quick

throb and he watched it closely. The light did not stay still like a star, but moved from side to side and rose and fell. It looked as if a man was running along the beach with a blazing torch in his hand. Columbus called to two of his friends, but it vanished before they saw it. They were afraid of another disappointment, because there had been many false alarms; so they decided to wait till it appeared again or something else was seen.

Discovery of America.—Just as it began to grow light, the boom of a cannon on the *Pinta* told that some one there had sighted land. Sails were furled and all was bustle and excitement on the three ships. No one doubted any longer that one of the greatest discoveries in the history of the world had been made. As the sun appeared above the horizon, all saw a lovely island spread out before them. It belonged to the Bahá'mas, which Columbus named San Salvador, meaning Holy Saviour. The land first seen is believed to have been Watling Island.

Columbus had no doubt it formed a part of India, so he called the people Indians, (ind'yans). The timid creatures peeped out from among the trees and flowers and thought the white men were beings that had come down from the sky. They looked upon the ships as huge birds whose wings were sails.

How thankful and happy Columbus must have felt when he put on his grand scarlet uniform and, stepping into a small boat, was rowed ashore. As soon as he rested his foot on solid ground, he raised the standard

of Spain, and, throwing himself on his knees, bowed his head and gave thanks to God for the success of his voyage.

The Indians told him by signs that other lands lay to the south and, after a brief rest, he sailed that way. He saw a number of islands, among them Cuba, which he looked upon as part of the mainland of India. The *Santa Maria* struck on the coast of Hayti, which island is also known as His-pān'i-o'la and San Domingo. From the timbers of the wreck a fort was built and thirty-five men were left to found a colony.

The Return of Columbus to Spain.—Columbus hurried back to Spain with the news of his great discovery. He arrived in the harbor of Palos, Friday, March 15, 1493. Thus you will notice that he left Spain on a Friday, and discovered America and reached Spain on the same day of the week. Columbus could not have had the foolish fear of that day which is shown by some people.

What a proud hour that was for the discoverer of the New World! He had been called a fool and a crazy person, and the weeping mothers and wives, who watched their sons and husbands sail away over the "Sea of Darkness," gave up all hope of ever seeing them again. But here they were, bringing with them several Indians and productions from that wonderful land beyond the sea.

The grand reception was held at Barcelona (bār'-sa-lō'nah) in the month of April. Many noted people

rode out to meet the greatest man of the age, and flocked at his heels as he entered the city. At the head of the procession paraded the Indians, their faces smeared with paint and their long, straight, black hair ornamented with bright feathers, and their bodies with figures of gold. Then were borne parrots, brilliant birds, some alive and some stuffed, most of them of a species of which little was known. Columbus, riding on horseback, came next, escorted by a cavalcade of cavalry. The people swarmed everywhere. The roofs were black with cheering crowds. Columbus, with his hair and beard as gray as those of a patriarch, wore a look of calm dignity that well became the grandeur of his triumph.

The king and queen received him under a canopy of brocade of gold. They rose to their feet when he appeared with a faint smile on his venerable features. Columbus knelt and begged that he might kiss their hands. They hesitated as if he was too noble a man thus to humble himself, but allowed him to do so. Then they asked him to sit down and tell them his story. It was a marvelous history which the proud discoverer gave to his royal listeners, whose hearts were deeply stirred. They bestowed the highest honors upon him, whose discovery caused the greatest interest throughout the civilized world.

But misfortunes now came to Columbus. He wished to sail on another voyage of discovery and the king and queen gave him a large fleet. He first called

at Hispaniola to learn how the colony that he had left there were getting on. Sad to say, not one of them was alive. They had treated the Indians so badly that the latter killed every one. It seems as if, from the first, the settlers in the New World took the wrong course with the natives.

Death of Columbus.—Columbus was a great discoverer, but a poor governor. He did not know how to manage the bad men placed under him. On his third voyage he discovered the Ō'ri-nō'co River and thus saw the continent of America for the first time. An officer, sent out to look into the complaints against his management of affairs in America, sent him home in irons. On his fourth voyage, he explored a part of the Isthmus of Darien, lying between North and South America. When he returned to Spain for the last time, his health and spirits were broken. He died May 20, 1506. He believed to the last that he had discovered only the eastern part of Asia, instead of a new continent. His comrade, Amerigo Vespucci (a-mā-re'go ves-pootch'ee), is believed to have sailed along the coast of North America about the year 1497, and was, therefore, the first navigator to look upon this continent. The accounts which he printed of his voyages caused it to be named in his honor, though Columbus will always be looked upon as the true discoverer of our country.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The birthplace of Columbus; his boyhood; the sailors of

Norway; the life of Columbus as a sailor; his efforts to secure help for his expedition; how he succeeded; the westward voyage; his great discovery; his subsequent voyages; his death; Amerigo Vespucci.







II.

DE SOTO.

Nō'ble-man, a person of the highest rank. Strāit, a narrow passage. Pass, a passage. Am-bāss'a-dor, a person sent out to represent a ruler or government. Trēach'er-ōus-ly, in a manner that breaks a promise. Cōn'quer-ed, gained by force. Pāl'i-sādes, strong stakes driven into the ground. Hār'ass-ed, annoyed. Sur-viv'ors, those left alive. Fit'-ting, fit, proper. Gāunt, lean.

HERNANDO DE SOTO was a Spaniard, born about the year 1496. He belonged to a noble family, but it was so poor that a rich nobleman named Davila sent him for several years to one of the universities of Spain. De Soto showed much ability and was noted for his skill in athletic sports.

When Davila sailed on his second expedition to Darien, of which he was governor, he took De Soto with him. Davila was so cruel that De Soto opposed his measures and finally left his service. Having heard of a strait which connected the Atlantic and Pacific, De Soto explored the coast of Guatemala (gwah'te-mah'la) and Yu'cā-tan' for seven hundred miles in search of it. He joined Pizarro, who in 1532 set out to conquer Peru.

One day De Soto and a number of horsemen

started to explore the highlands of that country. They made their way through a pass in the mountains and discovered the great national road which leads to the capital of Peru. Some time later, De Soto was sent as an ambassador to the inca or ruler of Peru. The cruel Pizarro made this inca a prisoner, but promised to set him free for an immense lot of gold and jewels. They were gladly brought to Pizarro by the natives, but he refused to let the inca go. De Soto urged Pizarro to keep his promise, but he would not and treacherously put his prisoner to death.

De Soto acted bravely in the different battles. When he went back to Spain he was very rich and was received with the highest honors by the king. There was a belief at that time that Florida contained vast amounts of gold. De Soto asked permission to conquer the country at his own expense and the king consented. De Soto sailed with nine vessels and nearly a thousand men. He anchored in Tampa Bay in the month of May, 1539. The ships were sent to Cuba with orders to obtain provisions and then to come back after the explorers.

De Soto, like most of the Spaniards, was cruel toward the Indians. His men could have had all the food they wanted by asking or paying for it, but he seemed to think the right course for soldiers was to fight whenever the chance offered. Even that did not always bring them food. His men suffered so much that they begged De Soto to give up the expedition and turn back, but he would not do so.



BURIAL OF DE SOTO.



They found nothing of the gold for which all were looking. In the autumn, they reached a native town called Mavilla. The city and river of Mobile take their names from this Indian word. The place was surrounded with palisades and the natives were ready to fight in its defence. Before long one of the soldiers started a quarrel and five of his companions were killed. De Soto then led an assault on the town, which resulted in the death of two thousand Indians by fire and suffocation. He stayed a few weeks in the neighborhood and then marched to the Yazoo River, where the winter was passed. The Indians harassed them all the time. When spring came, the Spaniards took up their march again. They slanted off to the northwest corner of the present State of Mississippi. Thus De Soto discovered that great river in 1541.

We have no knowledge of how far the expedition penetrated. It probably reached the site of Little Rock, the capital of Arkansas (ark'an-saw'). For three years the Spaniards wandered through the wilderness, during which one-third of the men and most of the property were lost. Finally De Soto became disheartened and with the survivors set out to find his way back to the sea.

By this time the hardy explorer was worn out. Feeling that he must die, he called his men around him, begged their forgiveness for any wrong he had done them and then closed his eyes in death. The Spaniards mourned his loss, but believed it would never do to let

the Indians know their leader was dead, for he had made them think he was a son of the Sun and would never pass away. So in the darkness of night, when everything was still, the body of De Soto was placed in a small boat, which was silently rowed out to the middle of the river. The form was wrapped about with blankets weighted with heavy stones. Then it was gently lifted over the side and sank out of sight forever. It seems fitting that the man who discovered the Mississippi should find his last resting-place in that river.

Now that the expedition had no leader, it went to pieces. Only a few, gaunt, starving survivors found their way many months afterward to a Spanish colony on the coast, where they received the care which they sorely needed.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

De Soto; Davila; De Soto's visit to the coast of Guatemala and Yucatan; of Pizarro; De Soto's expedition to Florida; his expedition into the interior; his death and burial.



III.

HENRY HUDSON.

Däunt'less, bold. In-strüc'tions, orders, commands. Shäl'low, having little depth. Ro-măn'tic, marked by novelty or strangeness. Pict'ur-ësque, like a pleasing picture. Rhïne, a river in Germany noted for its romantic scenery. Coürt'e-sỹ, polite kindness. Land-locked, inclosed by land. Fôr'ti-fied, put in a condition of defence. Dīs'mal, gloomy. Shäl'lop, a large boat with two masts. Mũ'ti-noũs, disposed to rebel.

I SUPPOSE you know all about the Hudson River. If you will look at your map, you will see in the northern part of the Dominion of Canada a large bay and a strait called Hudson Bay and Hudson Strait. These two and the Hudson River were named in honor of the same man and I have a strange story to tell you about him.

Henry Hudson was born about 1550 and was first employed by a company of London merchants to search for a northwest passage to Asia. That vain hunt engaged many navigators for more than a hundred years after the discovery of Columbus. Hudson was a dauntless sailor, who set out in so small a boat, in 1607, that his crew numbered only ten men and a boy. He

coasted along the eastern shore of Greenland until the ice stopped him. After sailing here and there for three months longer, he returned to England.

He tried it again the next year, hoping to pass between Nova Zembla and Spitzbergen, but as before was turned back by the ice. He then entered the service of the Dutch East India Company and in April, 1609, sailed from Amsterdam on his third attempt to find a northwest passage. He was told this time to sail to the northeast instead of the northwest. The name of the little vessel was the *Half Moon*.

Following his instructions, Hudson in due time found himself caught again in the ice near Nova Zembla. He was forced to disobey orders, and, coasting along the eastern shore of Greenland, passed Newfoundland and it is believed dropped anchor at the mouth of the Penobscot. He sighted Cape Cod and named it New Holland, not knowing that it had already been named by other navigators. Arriving at Chesapeake Bay, he found the English settlers ahead of him. Then he turned about and entered Delaware Bay. The water there was too shallow to suit him, so he steered northward and, September 3, 1609, dropped anchor at Sandy Hook.

He stayed there for a week, during which time his crew made several visits to the land and traded with the Indians. Then the anchor was raised and he slowly sailed up the noble river which bears his name. It was the first time that stream was ever visited by a white

man, though the bay had been seen by other navigators. With what wonder Hudson and his crew gazed on the Palisades and Highlands! The scenery of the Hudson is so romantic that it is often called the Rhine of America.

The Indians, too, must have felt like those who looked upon the caravels of Columbus more than a hundred years before. They peeped out from the woods and around the towering rocks along shore and



HENRY HUDSON.

wondered what strange bird with its immense wings was swimming up the river. It seems odd that Hudson expected to ascend the stream till he reached the South Sea. The narrowing shores and the shallowness and freshness of the water, however, soon told him he would never be able to find India by that route.

He sailed northward for ten days and reached a point opposite where Albany now stands. Before going that far, some Indians paddled out in their canoes to the *Half Moon*. Hudson treated them kindly and they came on board. Near the present site of Hudson, he went ashore and called on an old chief, who showed his visitors great courtesy. You will understand that this visit of Hudson gave Holland the claim to New York, because he was in the employ of the Dutch East India Company.

Hudson never visited the river named for him again. His discovery added greatly to his fame and England decided to make one more attempt to reach Asia by sailing to the northwest. The expedition was put in charge of Hudson, who set out in 1610, with a crew of twenty-three men, among whom was his son.

It was on this voyage that he discovered the strait and bay which bear his name. When he sailed into the immense and broadening sheet of water, he was sure that at last he had found the long-sought route to the Pacific. But to his disappointment, he soon discovered that he had entered a land-locked bay and could go no further westward.

He made his preparations to pass the winter in the southern part, hoping to continue his explorations in the spring. He ran his small vessel into a creek and his crew fortified themselves as best they could against the rigors of the fierce winter in one of the most dismal regions of the globe. The ship was frozen fast, the snow

THE HALF MOON ASCENDING THE HUDSON.





whirled and eddied about them and fell to a great depth. Their provisions ran low, and they saved themselves from starving by hunting wild fowl, which now and then visited the desolate shores.

Spring found the explorers in a woful plight, but, instead of hastening from the place, Hudson determined to push his researches further. He had no thought of turning back. He fitted up his shallop, but was greatly disappointed when the natives refused to have anything to do with him. No food could be obtained and Hudson shed tears as he divided his last meal with his crew.

It is thought by some that he told his men he would have to leave several of them behind. Be that as it may, they became mutinous and one dark night entered the cabin and bound and put him on board a small boat. The mutineers compelled seven others, among them four sick men and the navigator's son, to go with him. The carpenter insisted on sharing the fate of his commander and was allowed to do so. Then the boat was turned adrift in the lonely waters and was never heard of again. Like De Soto, Henry Hudson found his grave in the body of water which he was the first to discover.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The first voyage of Henry Hudson ; his second voyage ; his third voyage to the north ; to the south ; his voyage up the Hudson River ; his last attempt to find a northwest passage ; his winter in the north ; his fate.

IV.

JOHN SMITH.

Ap-prën'tice, one bound to another to learn a trade. En-list'ed, engaged in public service. Dēs'per-ate, furious, frantic. Thrēsh'ing, beating out grain from the straw. Flāil, an instrument for threshing grain. Hōv'els, small mean houses. Stērn, severe in look and manner. Gaud'ỹ, fine, showy. In-tē'ri-or, the inside. Müst'ỹ, mouldy, sour. Out-wit'ted, surpassed in cunning. Lōdge, an Indian dwelling. Pīn'naces, small vessels.

DO YOU know any boy named John Smith? It is said that one day at a large meeting the gentleman in charge rose to his feet and called out that he had just been handed a telegram for "Mr. Smith." Nearly fifty people stood up to let it be known their name was Smith. The gentleman looked at the envelope and added: "This is for *John* Smith." Then about a dozen of those that were standing sat down. I remember counting more than a hundred "John Smiths" in the directory of a large city. So that name is more common in our country than any other. I am going to tell you about the most famous John Smith that ever lived.

I must warn you in the first place that this John

Smith, although brave, enterprising, and with the best of sense, had one fault: he bragged a good deal about what he had done and told of so many adventures that there is reason to fear some of them were not true. He was born in England and was the son of poor parents. When an apprentice, he ran away and enlisted in the army. Then his adventures began and he had a hard time of it. He was robbed of all he had, which was not much, was shipwrecked, and he said that once the crew came to believe that he brought them bad luck, so they pitched him overboard. He was a good swimmer, however, and easily reached shore.

Then he went back in the army, which set out to fight the Turks. He had a desperate battle with three and killed them all, but was finally taken prisoner. The Turks are a cruel people and they made their captive toil and drudge like a slave. A metal collar was put around his neck and he was set to threshing wheat with a flail. His master sat near watching him at work. Smith was so angry because of his harsh treatment that he swung his flail around and brought it down on the head of the Turk with so much force that it killed him. He knew he would be put to death if caught, so he snatched up a bag of wheat, leaped upon his master's horse, and rode off as fast as the animal could go. He managed to get out of Turkey and found his way back to England.

He arrived just as the people were making ready to send a number of settlers to America. This offered

so fine a prospect for adventure that Smith joined them. Three vessels sailed in the winter of 1606, with one hundred and five men, but no women. In the month of April following, the ships entered the mouth of James River and sailed slowly up stream, looking for the best place to land and begin a settlement. It was the most lovely season of the year. Bright flowers bloomed on the banks, the air was soft and balmy, and to the tired people it was like entering some fair and promised land. They went ashore May 13, 1607, and set to work clearing the land and building log cabins. They named the place Jamestown and it was the first permanent or lasting English settlement in the New World.

The settlers were in a bad way. Nearly all their food was gone and it was too late in the season to plant crops. The Indians were hostile and killed one man and wounded nearly twenty others. They did not mean that the strangers should steal their hunting-grounds from them. They prowled around the settlement and fired their arrows at them whenever they got a chance. Nearly all the settlers fell ill and at the end of a few months half of them were dead. The others dug holes in the ground and lived in them or in wretched hovels. It looked as if Jamestown would soon cease to exist.

A good many of the people did not like John Smith. I suppose he was too stern and bragged too much to suit them, but they could not fail to note his

courage and good sense. They begged him to take hold of matters. He did so and straightway the condition of the sufferers began to mend.

Smith started with one good rule. He declared



CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH.

that no well person should have any food until he earned it. Those that were too lazy to work might starve, for they would not be fed by the rest. He set the example by working as hard as he could. A number of log cabins and a fort were built.

Still there was sore need of food. So Captain Smith with a few of his men went up the Chesapeake Bay in an open boat and traded gaudy trinkets with the Indians for corn, pumpkins, dried nuts, berries and different kinds of game. Sometimes the Indians were friendly and sometimes they launched their arrows at the white men. Smith, however, was shrewd enough to secure a goodly quantity of food and thus saved the settlers from starvation.

Although more than a hundred years had passed since Columbus discovered America, everybody believed it was a narrow strip of land, and that one would not have to go far into the interior before finding the Pacific Ocean. So when Smith sailed up the Chīck'a-hōm'i-ny River, he kept a sharp watch for the largest body of water on the globe. If he had known it was three thousand miles off, he would have smiled at his mistake.

One day, while hunting for the South Sea, he ascended with his boats to the headwaters of the James. Finding he could go no further with his large craft, he stepped into a canoe, barely large enough to float him with two other white men and two friendly Indians. He told those left behind to stay in their boats and not to land till he came back. They did not obey him and were attacked by Indians, who killed two of the white men. Then the Indians found out where Smith's canoe had gone ashore.

The American Indians can track a person through the woods like a bloodhound. No matter how lightly he

steps on the leaves, passes round soft places and tries not to disturb the bushes, they will detect the signs which he cannot help making. The only way to elude those keen eyes is to enter a boat or walk in the water, where no trail is made.

Smith was not on his guard as he should have been. He wished to do some hunting and became separated from his companions. The next thing he knew the woods behind him swarmed with Indians, who shouted and began sending their arrows whizzing at him. Smith kept cool. Facing about, he fired his gun among them and a warrior dropped to the ground. As soon as he could reload and secure a good aim, he brought down another Indian. All this time he was walking backward, watching the red men whooping and darting here and there and shooting their arrows at him. He had no time to look where he was going and it did not seem to him that it made any difference. Suddenly he stepped into a spongy place and sank to his knees. He struggled hard to get out, but went down deeper in the mud. The Indians seeing his plight crowded round him.

Smith threw away his gun and extended his hands for them to help him. They pulled him out of the bog and he acted as if he thought them his friends. He took out a small pocket-compass and showed it to the Indians, who opened their eyes in astonishment. Some of them timidly tried to touch it with their fingers, but

the glass covering prevented. That, too, was wonderful, for until then they had never seen glass.

Smith, however, had killed two of the Indians and they were not likely to forget it, but when some of them proposed to put him to death, the others forbade. They fed him so well that he half suspected they were fattening him for a big feast. He did not let the fear, however, disturb his appetite. After a time he was taken before the great war chief Pow-hät-an', who lived about fifteen miles from Jamestown. This chief said that Smith must be put to death.

His hands and legs were bound and he was laid on his back with his head resting on two large stones. Then a warrior swung his club aloft, but before he could bring it down, the chief's little daughter Pocahontas (Po-ca-hünt'as) ran forward, threw her arms about the neck of the prisoner and begged her father to spare him. He consented and Smith was set free. After a time he made his way back to Jamestown, having been absent about six weeks.

This is a very nice story, which it would never do to leave out of an account of Captain John Smith, but it must be remembered that he never told a word of it on coming back to Jamestown, nor did he mention it at all until after he had returned to England, and Pocahontas had been dead several years. For that and other reasons it is more than likely the whole story is a myth.

Other settlers arrived from England, and Jamestown began to prosper. Captain Smith had done so

well that he was kept at the head of affairs for some time. He claimed to have explored Chesapeake Bay for many hundred miles. This must be true, for he made a map of the waters which was remarkably correct.

One day, while on the Potomac, he was stung by a poisonous fish. It made him so ill that his companions were sure he must die, and began digging a grave for him. But the tough fellow got well, and had his revenge by cooking the fish and eating him.

Some time afterward, he took fifteen men and set out to call on a chief, living not far from Jamestown, his purpose being to buy food. When the chief appeared it was at the head of a large body of warriors. He brought a small quantity of corn which was too musty to be used. Smith saw the chief meant mischief. He turned to his men and told them their danger. "If you break or show the least fear," he whispered, "every one of us will be killed. Our only hope is in standing together, and not letting them see we hold them in dread." His companions promised to do as he advised.

Smith now turned to the chief and dared him to fight. He offered to set his little company of men against all the warriors. If the latter won they were to have the copper which the Englishmen had brought with them. If the Indians were defeated, the white men were to be given all the corn they wanted. An Indian does not like to fight openly, and the chief backed out. He declared he was a friend of the white people, and

would do them any favor he could. Smith was not deceived by this talk, but he came near being outwitted after all.

He walked into the lodge of the chief to talk with him. While doing so, he noticed the Indians gathering round and making ready to use their bows and arrows. Smith bounded forward, caught the scalp-lock of the chief with one hand, pressed the muzzle of his pistol against his breast with the other, and dragged him out among his warriors. He told them that if they attempted to harm him or any of his men, he would shoot the chieftain dead, and kill all the rest. He said he wished to be their friend, and would pay them a fair price for whatever they had to sell. This brought the Indians to their senses, and they let their visitors have what corn they needed.

While sitting in his boat one day, a bag of gunpowder accidentally caught fire. In the explosion, Smith was so badly burned that the only way to save his life was to go back to England for medical treatment. That was in 1609, and he never returned to Virginia.

You have only to be told what followed to understand how useful a man he was to the colony. The winter of 1609-10 is known in the history of Virginia as the "Starving Time." Of the five hundred whom Smith left behind, all except sixty died within the following six months. The survivors in despair decided to try to reach Newfoundland, where it was hoped they would be

able to get help from the English fishermen. The gaunt settlers tottered on board two pinnaces and reached the mouth of the river, when, to their surprise and joy, they met several vessels with an abundance of provisions and supplies. They gladly returned to Jamestown, which was never again in so sorry a plight.

Although Captain Smith did not visit Virginia again, he sailed on a voyage to New England in 1614. He traded along shore with the Indians, and made a good map of the coast. He tried to get the English to plant a colony in that part of the country. The attempt was made, but failed. Smith had hardly started when his vessel was wrenched, and he had to put back and change it for a smaller one. He was chased first by a pirate, and then by a French ship. After escaping these he was captured by some French privateers. While he was on the deck of one of them, his own crew, who were sick of the idea of settling in New England, ran away with his vessel and sailed home, leaving Smith with the Frenchman. He was a prisoner several months, and helped to fight against the Spanish, but his captors excused him from firing upon his own countrymen. He finally found his way back to England, where he died in 1631, at the age of fifty-two years.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The name of John Smith; the most famous of John Smiths; his adventures among the Turks; the voyage of the first English settlers in America; the settlement of Jamestown;

the misfortunes of the settlers ; the services of John Smith as a ruler ; his voyage up the Cheaspeake ; his ascent to the headwaters of the James ; the story of Powhatan and Pocahontas : the reasons for doubting its truth ; his exploit with an Indian chief ; the explosion of gunpowder ; the history of the colony after his departure ; his last adventures.



V.

MILES STANDISH.

Pēr'se-cū'tion, vexed or injured. Established Church, a religious faith which the people are taxed to support. Drill'ing, the act of training soldiers. Stäck'ed, piled in a conical form. Sën'ti-nel, a soldier set to watch. Snēēr'ed, jeered or scoffed at. Prös'per, to thrive. Ströng'hold, a fortified place.

IN THE story of John Smith you have learned that the first permanent English settlement in this country was in Virginia, in 1607. Thirteen years later the second English settlement was made at Plymouth Bay, in Massachusetts. It was due to religious persecution. The people who withdrew from the established church were called Separatists, while those who remained members and sought to reform the church were nicknamed Puritans. Those who came to America have been called Pilgrims, on account of their wanderings.

One hundred and two of them, consisting of men, women and children, sailed from their native country in the *Mayflower*. After a long and stormy voyage, they sighted the bleak lands of Cape Cod, in November, 1620. Dropping anchor, Captain Miles Standish went ashore with sixteen men to find out whether the place

was a suitable one for a settlement. The men wore their armor, for they expected to be attacked by Indians. The red men, however, kept out of their way.

While tramping along the coast, the Englishmen came upon a place where the ground showed something had been buried. Digging down, they found a number of baskets filled with Indian corn. This was fortunate, for the pioneers wanted corn for planting as well as for food; but they could see nothing of the owners. Standish took a part of the corn and did not forget the debt. Six months later he met the owners and paid them.

Captain Miles Standish was the most interesting person that came over in the *Mayflower*. He was not a member of their church, but he liked the ways of the Pilgrims and was of great service to them. His work in the New England colony was similar in some respects to that of John Smith in Virginia.

Standish was like a game-cock, hot-tempered, full of pluck and ready to fight at any moment. He was a small man with a yellow beard, but he would fly at a giant if he provoked him. He was not afraid of anybody. His bravery and skill led the Pilgrims to put him in charge of all military matters, for you must not forget that the early settlers of New England believed in fighting as well as praying.

Cape Cod did not suit the Pilgrims and they looked further. Finally they landed at Plymouth, December 21, 1620, in the midst of a blinding snow storm. They set to work to build dwellings and to make themselves

comfortable, but their lot was a trying one from the first. The weather was intensely cold and before spring half the people died. There came a time when only seven persons, among them Miles Standish, were well enough to look after the sick and dying. Still no one thought of giving up.

One day in spring, when the gaunt settlers were planting corn, an Indian walked out of the woods and called: "Welcome, Englishmen!" The white men were astonished to hear a native use their language. The name of their visitor was Sām'o-set. He had picked up a few words of English from some fishermen on the coast of Maine. The settlers treated him so well that by and by he brought his chief, Mās'sa-soit', to call with him. He, too, was used kindly and made a treaty of peace which was not broken for fifty years.

But the Nar'ra-gan'sett Indians did not like the English. They were a powerful tribe, numbering several thousand warriors. Their chief thought he would scare the settlers by sending them a bundle of arrows, wrapped round with a rattlesnake's skin. This was a declaration of war. Governor Bradford filled the snake skin with powder and bullets and sent it back. The Narragansett chieftain knew what that meant and decided to leave the white men alone. The Indians held their firearms in great fear.

When the New England pioneers heard of the Indian massacres in Virginia, they thought the red men around them would try to do the same thing. So Captain

Standish was set to work drilling the settlers and a close watch was kept every night. It must have looked strange to see cannon mounted on the roof of the meeting house and the people going to church on Sunday with the fathers and big brothers each carrying a gun over his shoulder. These were stacked outside while a sentinel paced back and forth during the service. It happened more than once that the preacher in the middle of his long sermon was stopped by the whoops of the Indians and the whizzing of their arrows. The good man was sure to be among the first to rush out and help beat back their assailants.

One day Massasoit told the Pilgrims the Indians had planned to kill all the people in another settlement not far off, after which they intended to massacre the Plymouth settlers. Captain Standish called a few of his most trusty men together and hurried off to the other colony. Had he taken a large number with him, the Indians would have known his purpose, but they did not believe he would dare attack them with so small a force.

A big warrior looked down on the little captain and sneered at his size. Not only did he do that, but he uttered insulting words which made the peppery captain furious. He could never stand any slurs on his stature or courage. He snatched the knife that was tied round the Indian's neck, while his companions attacked the other warriors. Standish had a fearful struggle with

the savage, but succeeded in killing him, while his men slew the others.

After a time the colony prospered. Colonists began coming over from England. In 1628, a settlement was begun at Salem. Two years later Boston was founded and became the capital of the province. Between 1630 and 1640, twenty thousand people settled in Massachusetts. Miles Standish, who had done such good service for the pioneers, died in 1656.

I am sorry to tell you that, although the Pilgrims came to America to gain the right to worship God as they thought right, they were not always willing that other folks should do the same. They persecuted the Quakers and put four of them to death. They drove out Roger Williams because his preaching was too plain for them. In 1692, the people in Salem executed twenty people on the absurd charge of witchcraft. After a time these persecutions ceased and those that had taken part in them were sorry for what they had done.

When Massasoit, the friendly chief, died, his son Philip succeeded him. He did all he could to unite the New England tribes against the whites. He hoped by that means to leave none alive in the country.

One Sunday morning in June, 1675, when the people of Swansea were walking to church, they were attacked by Indians who killed one man and wounded several. The savages were finally driven off and the settlers hurriedly prepared for war that had thus begun.

Learning that their old enemies, the Narragansetts,

were making ready to join Philip, a force of fifteen hundred attacked their stronghold in a swamp. One thousand of the Indians and two hundred of the pioneers were slain. The Narragansetts plundered and slew in every direction. Many fierce fights took place, but the Indians were gradually driven back and Philip fled for his life. He was chased into a swamp near Mount Hope, and, while trying to steal out, was shot dead by an Indian who was helping the settlers. Hostilities continued for some months, but peace at last came to the settlements. Massachusetts grew to be the most powerful of all the New England colonies and, as you will learn in another place, took a leading part in bringing on the Revolution.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The Separatists and Puritans ; the Pilgrims ; the voyage of the *Mayflower* ; Captain Miles Standish ; his visit ashore at Cape Cod ; his character ; the landing at Plymouth ; the sufferings of the Pilgrims ; the visit of Samoset ; of Massasoit ; the incident of the arrows and the rattlesnake skin ; the fears of an Indian massacre ; the people at church service ; the desperate fight of Standish and a few of his men ; the immigration from England ; the founding of Salem and Boston ; religious persecutions by the Puritans ; King Philip ; the attack on Swansea ; the attack on the Narragansett stronghold ; the death of Philip ; the growth of Massachusetts.

VI.

LA SALLE.

Stāys, props. Su-pē'ri-ors, higher in rank or office. Mo-nōp'-o-lŷ, sole right. Crěd'it-ors, those to whom money is due. Āl-li'ance, a union. Cōm'man-dant', the commanding officer. Dīs'em-bārk-ed, landed. Hōs'tile, in a state of enmity. Ex-cūr'sions, journeys, rambles. Mas'sa-cred (kerd), killed cruelly. Mār'tyr, one who suffers death for his belief. Cōn-ver'sion, a change of heart.

IF YOU could have stood on the shore of the Mississippi, or any one of the Great Lakes, a little more than two hundred years ago, you would have looked upon a far different scene from that of to-day. Along and across those vast waters are continually speeding all kinds of craft, from the tiny fishing boat, the pleasure yacht and the puffing tug to the huge ship and steamer. They carry thousands of passengers and freight worth many fortunes. All is activity, bustle, animation and life. In whatever direction you turn your eyes, you see these boats hurrying to their different destinations.

But at the time of which I speak silence brooded over the lonely waters. The white sails of no vessel dotted the rivers and inland seas. Only now and then, at the widely separated posts, was the face of a white settler seen. The waves of the Great Lakes beat against the wooded shores and heard no sound "save

their own dashings." Perhaps a tiny canoe shot out from the shadows and skimmed along the shore, driven by the paddle of an Indian, who swayed the single blade with power and skill. In some calm bay, a dozen or more of those frail craft would rest motionless or flit about, while the squaws and warriors and dusky boys and girls fished with spear and line. Sometimes the canoes of one tribe met those of another, and the Indians fought fiercely with bow and arrow and spear. Then days and weeks went by without a living person showing himself on the lake or river.

Perhaps, in the darkness, some of the canoes glided along the bank like so many shadows. The warriors may have been stealing through the gloom to the village of their enemies many miles away, who were so watchful and alert that it would not do to make the slightest noise with paddle or to utter even a whisper. The twinkle of a light in the far-away forest or on some mountain slope, like a star shining through the night, showed where the white men were gathered round their camp-fire, or perhaps one war party was signalling to another.

The Indians paddling about in their canoes, near the eastern end of Lake Erie, one August day in 1679, must have been astonished at what they saw. A little vessel, which had been built at the military post of Niagara, slid from her stays into the water, where she floated like a bird. Then, when everything was ready, the sails were hoisted and she sailed bravely over the waters to the westward.

The name of the vessel was the *Griffin* and she was in charge of Cavalier La Salle (leh sal'), the greatest of all the explorers sent out by France. He had visited Canada, in 1666, when hardly twenty-three years old. Three years later he set out on an exploring expedition, but fell ill in the country of the Seneca Indians and parted with his companions near the head of Lake Ontario. He afterward went back to the Indian country, made his way to the Ohio River and descended that stream by means of canoes to the falls opposite where Louisville now stands.

La Salle won the respect of his superiors and was made a nobleman and governor of the country surrounding Fort Frontenac, which he had built on the shore of Lake Ontario. He tore down the old structure, put up a new one of stone, built four vessels and soon had a lively trade with the Indians. He got permission to push his explorations westward for five years, to build and hold forts and to have a monopoly of trade in buffalo skins. The king, however, forbade him to trade with the Indians living near the lakes, because they brought their furs to Montreal and he did not wish that trade to be checked.

In the *Griffin* La Salle sailed the whole length of Lake Erie and then passed through Lakes St. Clair, Huron and Michigan to Green Bay. He owed a large amount of money. So he gathered a good many furs and sent them back to pay his creditors. He had no

right to do this, for, as you remember, he had been forbidden to barter or trade with the lake tribes.

La Salle now sent back the *Griffin* for supplies, while he and a number of his men continued their explorations in their canoes. They paddled across the lake to the mouth of the St. Joseph, where they established a trading-post called Fort Miami. Then he crossed to the Kankakee and went down that until he reached the Indian villages in the Illinois country. He formed an alliance with the red men and built another military post, where Peoria now stands. This was in 1680.

The explorer now set to work to build another vessel and sent Father Hennepin and a small party to visit the country to the north. La Salle made the entire journey to Fort Frontenac alone. It took more than two months. He had to wade and swim streams, shoot game, be on the alert for wild animals and hostile Indians, and sleep wherever he could find shelter, which at best was no more than a fallen tree or some cavity in the rocks. When he arrived at the fort, he learned to his dismay that the *Griffin* was lost. Not only that, but the vessel sent from France with supplies had been wrecked. The plucky Frenchman, however, never lost courage. He made up a new party and started for the fort he had planted near the present town of Erie. He found not a white man there. The Indians had driven them off and they had fled to Green Bay. The fort was in ruins. He and his companions

paddled down the Illinois and for the first time looked upon the mighty Mississippi.

La Salle now returned to Fort Miami. In the depth of winter he set out on another expedition. He ascended the Chicago, crossed to the Illinois and descended to the Mississippi. He camped on the first Chickasaw bluff, stopped at the Arkansas villages and paddled on to the point where the river divided. He explored three channels to the Gulf of Mexico. In the month of April, 1682, he set up at the mouth of the Mississippi a column with the French arms and claimed the country for France. Returning he built Fort St. Louis at Starved Rock on the Illinois, and in November, 1683, was back again at Quebec. He had left one of his officers in command with orders to meet him at the mouth of the Mississippi.

La Salle now made a visit to France. He proposed to the king to undertake the conquest of the rich mining region of the southwest. He was given the authority to do so, and was made commandant of the country. He left France with four ships and nearly three hundred persons. Most of them were a bad lot, and trouble was certain to follow. The naval officer in command quarrelled with La Salle. The expedition stopped at San Domingo and then sailed into the Gulf of Mexico. They meant to enter the Mississippi, but through a blunder passed it. This was in January, 1685.

La Salle soon discovered the mistake, and urged

the commander to return. He would not do so, and by and by they anchored off Matagorda Bay. There the explorer disembarked his colonists, but his largest ship was run on an island and wrecked. The naval officer pretending he must go after provisions, sailed away, leaving La Salle with only one small vessel, which was a present to him from the king.

He built a fort and began tilling the soil. The Indians remembered the cruelties of former visitors, and were hostile from the first. They killed a number of the settlers, and others died from disease. La Salle spent a good deal of time and lost a number of men in making excursions through the surrounding country. At the end of two years, only forty persons were alive in his colony. Leaving half of these, including the women and children, in the fort, he started on the long journey to the Illinois. In his company were his brother and two nephews.

For a long time the little party tramped onward, but the men were sullen and ugly. They looked upon La Salle as the cause of all their trouble. They had neither courage nor honor, and could not understand those qualities in others. They grumbled and plotted together and soon were ready to commit any crime.

One day, when near the Trinity River, in Texas, La Salle missed his nephews. He turned to look for them, and found both had been killed. The men that had done it leveled their guns and shot him dead. Misfortunes and disasters overtook the wicked persons.

They quarreled among themselves. Some reached the French post on the Arkansas, while nearly all of those left at the fort were massacred by the Indians. The few who survived fell into the hands of the Spanish forces that had been sent to drive the French out of the country. The fate of La Salle was a sad one, for he had done great service for his country, but he was by no means the first or last martyr.

An important result of the French and Spanish explorations was the planting of missions for the conversion of the Indians to Christianity. Those of the Spaniards dotted the American coast from the Rappahannock to St. Augustine and the southwest. The oldest house in this country was erected by them in 1542, in Santa Fe (fā), New Mexico. It was built of adobe (a-dō'bā), or sun-dried bricks, and is still standing opposite the mission of San Miguel, which is almost as old. A log chapel was built in St. Augustine in 1570. One of the mission buildings in Texas was besieged by the Comanche Indians for more than two years.

The Franciscans followed on the heels of the Jesuits, and planted their missions without number throughout the country. They extended from Nova Scotia, Maine, and Quebec to the Indians in Ohio, and on Thunder Bay. The chain of stations reached from New York to Minnesota and thence southward to the mouth of the Mississippi. No suffering, hardship, or danger could check the Jesuits and Franciscans, who

left an impress on the red men and the country which is seen and felt to this day.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The appearance of the Mississippi and Great Lakes a little more than two hundred years ago ; the launching of the *Griffin* ; La Salle's first* exploration ; his descent of the Ohio ; Fort Frontenac ; the permission obtained from the king ; his voyage in the *Griffin* ; what he did for his creditors ; his next step ; Fort Miami ; the Indian villages on the Illinois ; Father Hennepin ; La Salle's journey to Fort Frontenac ; the news that awaited him there ; the fort near the present town of Erie ; his next expedition ; the course he followed ; what he did ; his return to France ; his proposal to the king ; the troubles and blunders of the expedition ; at Matagorda Bay ; the Indians ; sufferings of the colonists ; the attempt to reach the Illinois ; what followed ; the planting of missions among the Indians ; their extent ; the oldest house in the country ; the log chapel at St. Augustine ; the Franciscans ; the extent of their work ; the sacrifices of the Jesuits and Franciscans.



VII.

WILLIAM PENN.

Ad'mi-ral, a naval officer of the highest rank. Quāk'er, a member of the religious sect called Friends. Im-prēs'-sions, that which is stamped on the mind. Sûr'plice, a white garment. Rē-lēnt'ed, became mild. Stāid, sober, not mild. The-öl'o-gy, the science which treats of God's laws. Plāgue, a disease which spreads through the air or from touch. Bōnds, legal writings under seal. Ap-pēal'ed, removed to a higher court. Ēv'i-dence, true testimony. Dīc-tā'tion, command. Trūs-tēēs', those to whom property is legally committed in trust. Dis-may' distressing fear. Trēas'on, attempt to overthrow one's government. Rē-fōrm'ing, making better. Är'bi-trā'tion, decision by a person or persons, selected by the disputing parties. Ēm'i-grā-tion, change of residence from one country to another. Con'sti-tū'tion, the highest law of a state or body of men. Chär'ter, an instrument in writing, bestowing rights and privileges.

IT SEEMS strange that the peaceful Quaker, William Penn, was the son of one of the most daring fighters in England. But sons are sometimes very different from their fathers. Penn found that out to his sorrow before he died, as you shall learn in the course of this story.

William, the only son of Admiral Penn, was born in London, October 14, 1644. While a boy at school,

he received strong religious impressions and made up his mind that the noblest life one can lead is that of trying to do the whole will of God. He went to college while still a lad and became a Quaker through the influence of a preacher named Thomas Loe. He not only refused to worship as they did in the established church of England, but would not wear the surplice required of all the students. Penn went further. He and a number of young men who believed as he did, attacked several students in the street and tore off their surplices. That was going too far for the freedom of conscience, and Penn was expelled from college.

When he went home, his father was so angry that he turned him out of doors. After a time, however, the parent relented, and took him back into his favor. The admiral had little liking for the staid habits of the Quakers, so he sent his son to France, hoping the gay life there would wear off his religious impressions. The young man gained polish of manners, but preferred to study theology and give his thoughts more to his soul than to his body.

The father called him home when he was twenty years old and he took up the study of law. The next year the great plague broke out in London. This deepened the religious impressions of Penn, who returned to his parents. His father now sent him to Ireland to look after some of his estates. The son did this to the satisfaction of the admiral. Young Penn again met Loe, the preacher, and became a more ardent

Quaker than before. He helped at the meetings of the Friends and finally was arrested for taking part in an unlawful assemblage. He would not give bonds and was thrown into prison. His father's rank caused friends soon to procure the release of the son.

Admiral Penn now told William that he would not object to his religious belief and practices, if he would take off his hat to him, to the king and to the king's brother, the Duke of York. Penn prayed over the matter, but in the end replied that his conscience would not allow him to do what was asked. Then the father became more angry than before and drove him out of doors. The mother plead with the admiral, who consented to allow the son to come home. He would not meet him, however, and communicated with him only through the mother.

William published a number of religious tracts. Some of these gave offence and he was imprisoned for nine months in the Tower of London. While there, he wrote his most popular work, called "No Cross, No Crown." The Duke of York brought about his release. He went to Ireland again on business for his father and on his return the two became the best of friends. Admiral Penn died in 1670.

Before this took place, William had been arrested for preaching in the streets. On the trial, the jury were shut up for two days and nights, without water, food or fire. They finally declared Penn not guilty. This so provoked the court that each juryman was fined and

put in prison. Penn and his friends were also fined and imprisoned for wearing their hats in the presence of the court.

But Penn, although meek and peaceful, did not forget his rights. He appealed to the higher court, which changed the decision of the lower court. This was a great victory, for it established the fact in English law that a jury is the sole judge of what is evidence, without any dictation from the court.

Admiral Penn was a rich man, When he died he left to his son an income equal to nearly eight thousand dollars a year, besides a number of claims against the government, which was too poor to pay them. One of these claims amounted to eighty thousand dollars.

In 1674 Penn was asked to decide a dispute between two Quakers, named Fenwick and Byllinge, as to their rights in the New Jersey Quaker colonies. Penn decided in favor of Byllinge. Not long after, Byllinge became too poor to improve his property and turned it over to Penn and two creditors as trustees. Thus Penn became interested in the work of colonization. In 1681, he received a patent from the king for all the land now known as the State of Pennsylvania. This was in payment of the large debt the king owed to the estate of Admiral Penn.

Penn wished to name the province "New Wales," but decided that "Sylvania" was better. To his dismay the king declared it must be "Pennsylvania," in honor of his old friend the admiral. Penn was distressed, for

it looked like vanity on his part. He offered the secretary twenty guineas to leave off the word "Penn" from the name, but the king would not permit it and so it had to be "Pennsylvania." In 1682, Penn, with eleven other Quakers, became the joint-owners of New Jersey, which was already a flourishing colony.

It is a pleasure to tell what William Penn did in America. He gave notice that he meant to form a religious government. First of all, he allowed full freedom of conscience. He was more liberal than the Puritans of New England, for no person was compelled to attend any form of religious worship. The only crimes punishable with death were murder and treason. The leading chief-justice insisted on this law, but during Penn's lifetime no person was hanged in Pennsylvania.

Here are some of the wise views of the founder of Pennsylvania: Prisons should be devoted to reforming as well as punishing criminals; all disputes, even between nations, should be settled by arbitration; an oath is not necessary; nor are cock-fighting, card-playing and drunkenness; lying is a crime that ought to be punished as such. He established trial by jury and, in every case where an Indian was interested, ordered that half the jury should consist of Indians. So general was the faith in Penn that a large immigration to the province began at once.

Three vessels were sent out in 1681, but one was frozen in the Delaware, below Chester. The emigrants had to dig caves in the river bank, in which they lived

until spring. Penn arrived with a number of Friends and landed at Newcastle. The Dutch and Swedes had settled there and gave him welcome. They liked him so well that they asked to become a part of the province of Pennsylvania. Their request was granted.

Penn met the chiefs of the Delaware, Mingo and other Susquehanna tribes of Indians under an immense elm at Shackamaxon, now known as Kensington. There he made a speech to them, so full of kindness, good will and justice that he won their hearts. He had, as you will remember, paid the king for the land, but he did not forget the rights of the Indians. A price was agreed upon and he not only paid it, but made numerous presents to the delighted red men. Then a treaty was signed, of which it has been said that it was the only treaty not sworn to and never broken.

Penn laid out Philadelphia, which means "The City of Brotherly Love." It flourished so well that for a long time it was the leading city in America. At the close of the Revolution it was larger than either Boston or New York. Penn went back to England in 1684, where his private business kept him until 1699. Then he made another visit to Pennsylvania. He found that Philadelphia numbered more than two thousand houses. He strolled through Chestnut, Arch, Vine and other streets, well known to-day to every one in that city.

The province had grown so fast that Penn found he had little influence over it. He signed unwillingly the new constitution which allowed Delaware a separate

government. His last act was to grant a special charter to the city of Philadelphia. Then he sailed for England.

Trouble now came to the good man. His eldest son was a drunken scamp and had spent a vast amount of money in riotous living. His steward swindled him out of so much money that Penn was ruined and flung into prison for debt. At last through the aid of his friends he was set free. While arranging to sell Pennsylvania to the king, he was stricken with paralysis and the matter was dropped. He died in 1718. His heirs kept their ownership of Pennsylvania and named its governors until 1779, when their rights were bought for nearly half a million dollars.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The boyhood of William Penn; at college; his trouble with his father; what his father did to remove his religious impressions; his study of law; his persecution for being a Quaker; his father's anger; the persecution that followed; the property inherited by the son; his action as arbitrator; how he acquired Pennsylvania; how it came to receive that name; the government he established; some of his views; the three vessels sent out in 1681; what followed; the treaty with the Indians; Philadelphia; Penn's return to England; his last visit to Pennsylvania; the growth of the city; what was done by Penn; his last act; his trouble with his son and his steward; his death; what followed regarding Pennsylvania.



VIII.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Trounc'ing, a severe beating. Hōld, the interior cavity of a vessel. Frū'gal, saving. Pěr'i-wīg, a small wig. Căp'i-tal, money or stock in trade. Found'ed, established. Pre-cau'-tion, previous caution or care. Āg'i-tăt'ed, disturbed. Ĕt'i-quětte' (et'i-ket'), according to the rule of rank and occasion. Con-věn'tion, an assembly of delegates or representatives.

WHEN Benjamin Franklin was born in Boston, in 1706, there were sixteen brothers and sisters ahead of him. That was a pretty large family, and when I add that his father was poor, and that all the schooling the youngest received amounted to only two years, you will wonder how it was he became one of the most famous men that ever lived. The secret of the matter is that, beside the gift of ability which nature gave him, he studied hard, wasted no time, and did all he could to improve his mind.

When ten years old, he had to help his father boil soap and make tallow candles. He cannot be blamed for disliking that work, for there was nothing pleasant about it. He took every chance to get out of the shop and play with other boys. He learned to swim, grew to

be a sturdy lad and was fond of boating. He longed to become a sailor, but his father would not permit it. He and Washington had a strong leaning that way in their boyhood, and it was fortunate that neither carried out his wishes. Had they done so, the history of our country would have been changed.

The father saw how restless Benjamin was, and feared he would run away, as one of his brothers had done. So he tried to interest him in other matters. Nothing pleased the boy so much as a book. The books of those times were dull, but Benjamin would spend hours over any one upon which he could lay hands. Because of this, his father apprenticed him to his brother James, who had a printing office. Benjamin was delighted, for it gave him the chance to read more books. He was often sent on errands to book-stores, where he managed to borrow different volumes, of which he took the best care. Many a time he sat up all night reading them.

He was so bright that in a short time he learned to set type as well as any of the printers in the place. By and by he took to writing verses, and his brother allowed him to print and peddle them about town. They were like the rhyme which boys of your acquaintance sometimes write, and which perhaps their friends praise. In after years, Franklin spoke of them as wretched stuff. His father was among those who said they were not worth printing.

About this time, Benjamin came to believe it was

wrong to eat meat. He told his brother that if he would give him one-half of what his board cost, he would board himself. This was done, and Benjamin bought a tart and biscuit from the baker, and with the rest of his money got a book. While he was putting the food in his mouth and using his jaws, he kept his eyes on the printed page. Thus he fed his mind and body at the same time.

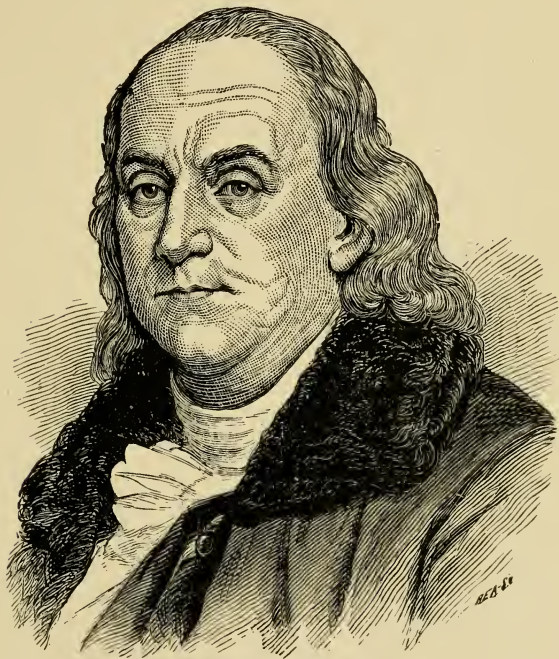
Of course he read everything in his brother's paper. He believed he could write as well as some of those whose articles were printed. He was too timid to tell James of his plan, but when he had something ready he slipped it under the door at night. It was printed, and he wrote other articles, all of which appeared. No one suspected his secret.

It cannot be said that Benjamin was a model boy in all respects. He was full of mischief, which is not always a bad thing in a lad, if he does not carry it too far; but he was sometimes saucy to his brother, and now and then received the trouncing he deserved.

A hundred years ago, the newspapers had to be careful of what they printed. If they did not, they were likely to get into trouble. One day James put something in his paper which offended the government. He was arrested and imprisoned for a month. Young Benjamin took charge of the paper, and printed the sharpest things he could write about the government. He liked to see how far he dared go in that direction.

When James came out of prison, he was forbidden

to publish a newspaper. He therefore printed it in the name of his younger brother. To do this he had to set Benjamin free from his apprenticeship. The lad promised to stick to his trade until twenty-one years old.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

Before long the brothers quarreled again and Benjamin left. He thus took an unfair advantage of James, and years afterward said it was wrong.

James was so angry with his brother that he sent word to all the printing offices in Boston not to employ

him. The boy went from place to place, but at each was met with a shake of the head. The only printing office in town where he could get work was his brother's, and he was too proud to go there. So he sold several of his books and set sail for New York on a sloop. He could get no work there, and was advised to try Philadelphia. He sailed for Amboy, but the boat was caught in a storm, and had to anchor near the Long Island shore. He lay all night in the hold with the waves beating over the deck and drenching him to the skin. When he landed at Amboy, he had not drunk nor eaten for twenty-four hours.

Benjamin at that time was seventeen years old, and strong and resolute. He walked to Burlington, which is about twenty miles above Philadelphia. There he was allowed a seat in a rowboat on condition that he took his turn at the oars. He wrought hard, but strange to say, the boatmen rowed past Philadelphia without knowing it. That was because the night was dark and the city had no street lamps. A person could hardly make such a mistake in these days.

In the morning the boatmen saw they were several miles below the city, so they turned about and rowed back. When Benjamin landed, and set out to find work, he made a funny appearance. His clothing was badly soiled, and his extra shirts and stockings were stuffed in his pockets, which bulged out so far that many people laughed at him. He did not care, however, and plunged into the first baker's shop he saw and bought three rolls.

He placed one under either arm, and ate the other as he walked. A girl named Deborah Read, standing in the door of her father's house, broke into laughter when she saw him. Some years later she became the wife of Franklin.

After a time the young man got work with a printer named Keimer. His brightness, close attention and studious habits were so marked that his employer felt he had a prize in him. The new printer was frugal, strong, quick, had a mind well stored with knowledge and never touched beer or intoxicating drink. A lad of that sort is sure of success.

One day, who should walk into the printing office but Sir William Keith, governor of Pennsylvania? He had a gentleman with him, and both were dressed in the height of fashion, with powdered periwigs and silver knee-buckles. Keimer was delighted, and smiled and bowed and asked what he could do for his noble visitors. To his chagrin, they told him they had called to see a young man named Benjamin Franklin, who just then was setting type at his case, in shirt sleeves and leather breeches.

The callers took Benjamin aside and said they had come to persuade him to set up a printing office of his own. There was no good office in the city and a fine opening awaited Benjamin, of whose skill they had heard from a number of persons. The young man replied he would be glad to do as they advised, but he had no capital and did not think his father would assist

him. The governor was sure that a letter from him was all that was needed. He wrote a strong letter urging the father to help his son start in business.

Full of hope, with a new suit of clothes, some extra money and a watch, which was a great luxury in those days, Benjamin went back to Boston and handed his father the letter from Governor Keith. The hard-headed old man declared that his son was too young to go into business for himself and refused to give him a penny.

Governor Keith was one of those people who are ready to make all kinds of promises but slow to carry them out. He said he would start young Franklin himself. He wished him to go to London to buy a printing outfit and promised him letters to persons who would let him have all the money he needed. Benjamin called again and again on the governor for the letters, but they were never ready. At last, believing he had sent them in the ship's bag, he went on board and sailed for England. When the mail bag was opened, there was no letter for Franklin. A gentleman to whom he told his story smiled, and said no man could make so many promises as the governor and then forget all about them.

Franklin was in a great city where he did not know a person. But he was not the one to despair. He soon got work and continued to store his mind with knowledge. His brother workmen were great drinkers of beer and ridiculed him for sticking to water. They

said it would make him weak. He invited them to a test of strength and lifted more than any of them. That was a good lesson in temperance.

He kept up his studious habits in London. His spare time was spent in the bookstores. Little did the people think that the young man who delighted to sit in some corner and study the volumes would one day become more famous than most of the authors from whom he received instruction.

But Franklin had no wish to spend his life in London. He returned to Philadelphia and hired out as clerk to a merchant, who soon died. Then he went back to work for Keimer, his old employer, who found him more valuable than before. Franklin, however, had decided to go into business for himself. To do so he had to run heavily in debt. No man could have toiled harder than he. When other workmen went home late at night, they saw the tallow candle burning in Franklin's office, and, no matter how early they rose, he was ahead of them. He was not ashamed to bring the paper he needed to his office in a wheelbarrow. People noticed his industry and his custom increased.

The next thing Franklin did was to start a newspaper. He could write well on any subject, and people quickly agreed that his paper was the brightest and most interesting in America. He married Deborah Read, who had laughed at him some years before, when he trudged through the streets munching a roll of bread. He paid all his debts and began to grow rich.

The most famous publication of Franklin was "Poor Richard's Almanac." This pretended to be written by Richard Saunders, a clean, sensible old man, but every one knew that "Poor Richard" was Franklin himself. The little annual became very popular. It was full of witty and wise sayings, many of which are still quoted. They mostly aimed at teaching thrift, economy, and the saving of money. It may be said that some of them contain a sermon in a sentence. The almanac was published for twenty-five years, and reached a circulation of ten thousand, which was enormous for those days.

Although Franklin became wealthy, it made no change in his habits. He learned several languages without aid from any one. He started a public library in Philadelphia, the first of its kind in the country. Other towns did the same, and thus helped to spread knowledge among the poorer people. His mind was of an inventive turn. The old-fashioned fire-places allowed most of the heat to go up the chimney. He contrived a small iron fire-place or open stove that saved nearly all the warmth. He founded a high-school, which afterwards grew into a great university. He did more than any one to raise and arm men to march to the help of the people on the border who suffered from the Indians during the French War.

He became greatly interested in the study of electricity, in which Edison and others have since made so many astonishing discoveries. He formed the belief that the electricity produced by a machine is of the same

nature as that which flashes across the sky during a thunder storm. The problem was, how to find out whether he was right. He soon hit on a plan.

He made a kite of silk with a metal point to which was attached a hempen string. If his theory was right, the lightning would come from the metal point down the string. At the lower end of this string was fastened a key, and below that a silken cord. This was the part he was to hold in his hand, for silk, you know, is a non-conductor; that is, electricity will not pass through it. But for this care on Franklin's part, the lightning might have darted into his body and killed him.

To avoid drawing attention, he sent up the kite one dark night when a storm was raging. He took his place near a shed with a lamp burning and watched the results. While the kite was dancing about in the darkness far up in the sky, Franklin closely watched the string above the silk cord in his hand. By and by he saw the little fibres agitated. Then they stood out in a way that showed they were charged with electricity. He reached his knuckle toward the key. There was a flash and a shock that almost knocked him over. He had made a wonderful discovery. Lightning and electricity were the same, and he was the only man in the world that knew it.

When this discovery reached Europe it made a great sensation. Franklin at once took rank among the foremost men of the time. Henceforth he was known as "Doctor Franklin." What he had learned led him to

invent the lightning rod, which has saved more property and lives than can be estimated.

The Revolution was at hand. Franklin was sent to England to try to heal the trouble. But King George was stubborn, and would not a yield point. So Franklin came back without mending matters. He was among the leaders in aiding his countrymen in their war for liberty. He helped to frame the Declaration of Independence. If you will examine the list of signers, you will find the handsome signature of Franklin, written when he was seventy years old.

We were pressed so hard by the mighty power of England that we must have been conquered without help. Franklin went to France, which was the most friendly nation we had in Europe. When he appeared before the French court, he roused great interest. He was so famous that he could afford to forget the rigid etiquette of those gay times. He was dressed in the same plain fashion as when walking the streets of Philadelphia. The French gallants and ladies were delighted with him and called him "the philosopher." Franklin knew something of the French tongue, but not enough to follow one of the speeches in his honor, so he watched the others and when they applauded he did the same. He was amused afterward when he learned that the words which he had thus applauded were those that were complimentary to himself. The French gave arms and money to the Americans and helped them greatly in their struggle for independence.

Franklin was a member of the convention of 1787, which formed the Constitution of the United States. He died in 1790 at the age of eighty-four. His funeral was attended by one of the largest gatherings ever seen in this country, for no man, except Washington, was held in higher veneration than he.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The boyhood of Franklin; his fondness for books; his apprenticeship; his attempt to write verses; his notion about eating meat; his work as a young author; his sauciness; the imprisonment of his brother; their quarrel; what followed; his experience in New York; his trip to Amboy: to Philadelphia; his landing in that city; Deborah Read: his employment in Philadelphia; the visit of Governor Keith; what came of it; Franklin's experience in London; his return to Philadelphia; how he went into business for himself: his newspaper; Poor Richard's Almanac; his good works in Philadelphia; his belief about electricity; his experiment with a kite; the effect of his discovery; his visit to England; to France; at the French court; his services at home; his death and funeral.



IX.

WASHINGTON.

Mār'tial (mār'shal), relating to war. Mīd'ship-man, a naval cadet on a ship of war. Sur-vey'ing, the art of measuring and marking land. Mā'jor, an officer next in rank above a captain. Tac-ti'cian (tish-an), one skilled in military science. In-vā'sion, hostile entrance into the possessions of another. Trīb'u-ta-ries, streams flowing into another stream or body of water. Coun'cil, assembly for advice. Pār'lia-ment, the law-making body of England. Rēp're-sēnt'a-tives, bearing the authority of others. Cōn'ti-nēnt'als, a name given to American soldiers in the Revolution.

CAN you describe the boy you most admire? I have no doubt that many little girls will say their brothers are the finest lads in the world, and of course they are right. But suppose I should put the question to those brothers. They are too modest to say anything about themselves, no matter how well they deserve it. Now let us see what kind of a boy we can all agree should be a model for others.

In the first place, he must be obedient to parents and teachers. He must have no bad habits, such as using tobacco in any form. He must not swear; never tell a falsehood; treat others as he himself wishes to be

treated; avoid the use of bad words; be a good student and, in short, live by the Golden Rule.

Now, all this will do for the foundation, but you boys who are so fond of skating, swimming, base ball, foot ball, bicycling, lawn tennis, horseback riding, and so on will ask for something more. We like good boys and girls, but we wish them to be strong, rugged, healthy, vigorous, active, fond of sport and able to hold their own with any other boy, no matter if he is a little older and bigger. God never intended a child should fold his hands, do nothing but sit still and be good, and then perhaps die before he becomes a man. He means that you shall have all the innocent sport possible; that your cheeks shall be ruddy; your limbs strong; that you may shout as loud as you choose, indulge in games and get all the enjoyment you can out of life. By doing so, you are likely to live longer and do more good than by shutting yourself in the house and holding aloof from your playfellows, through fear that they may be too rough and boisterous in their sports.

Well, now I am going to tell you about just such a boy as the one we have agreed is the right one to serve as a model for all American youth. I hardly think it worth while to mention his name. It is on your lips now and your eyes sparkle as you pronounce the words—GEORGE WASHINGTON. Yes; he was the boy and the man who will always hold a place in the affections of his countrymen, which none other can displace in all the years to come.

The Boyhood of Washington.—George Washington was born in a big, old-fashioned house in Westmoreland county, Virginia, February, 22, 1732. He had no sisters and only one brother, Lawrence, who was older than he. When George was a lad, our country was a colony of England and we followed the practices of the people on the other side of the Atlantic. The English fashion is for the oldest son to be the gentleman of the family. The estate goes to him, and, if the father has any titles, they descend to the oldest son. Lawrence, was, therefore, sent to England to be educated, while George stayed at home and attended a country school.

He was a good student. The teacher and all the boys liked him. When the lads got into any dispute, they asked George to decide it and he always did what was right. He took pains with his lessons. Some of his copy books have been preserved. They are free from blots and the handwriting is good. He wrote out a number of rules for guidance in company, for young Washington meant to be a gentleman at all times.

When he was eleven years old, his father died. His mother gave great care to his education and he showed himself in every way worthy of the pains she took with him. Lawrence came back from England, and was proud of his manly young brother, who had grown sturdy, strong and handsome. Then, when Lawrence put on his fine uniform, and went off as captain to fight for England against the Spaniards, in the West

Indies, the eyes of George kindled at the sight. He was sure there was nothing like being a soldier, and he made up his mind to become one.

He began drilling his playmates. He marched them with their wooden guns back and forth, fought sham battles and filled them with the same martial ardor as himself. Lawrence wished George to become a midshipman in the British navy and the young brother liked the idea so well that he made ready to go. But when about to start, he saw it grieved his mother and he willingly gave up all thought of following the sea. Had he not done so, what a difference it would have made in the history of our country!

When George grew to be a large boy, he astonished everybody by his activity and strength. He ran like a deer, and no lad in the neighborhood could leap as high or as far as he. He would stand at a certain place on the bank of the Potomac River and throw a stone to the other shore. There is not one man in a thousand to-day who can do the same. When he locked arms with a great, powerful fellow, taller than himself, for a wrestling bout, the first thing the youth standing round saw was the heels of the larger boy flying up in the air, as he plumped down on his back with George on top of him.

It was a sight to see him ride on horseback. He was not afraid to leap upon the wildest animal, and without a saddle send him flying down the road, or across the fields, on a dead run. One colt, of whom

everyone else was afraid, seemed to have made up his mind to conquer the daring boy that bounded astride of him. George was equally bent on conquering him. So they fought it out. The boy won, but he killed the colt in doing so.

Among his studies was that of surveying. He became so skillful that, when only sixteen years old, a rich nobleman hired him to ride over the Blue Ridge mountains and survey several thousand acres of land for him. Washington liked that kind of life. He forced his powerful horse to swim rough torrents and climb the rugged mountains. The boy slept in the open woods by the side of his lonely camp-fire, with the wintry wind moaning through the branches and the stars shining in the cold sky overhead.

Sometimes he slept in the huts of the mountaineers, who lived little better than pigs. One night the straw on which he lay caught fire, and, had he not been awakened in time, he would have been burned to death. He followed this outdoor life for three years. When in want of food, he would shoot a wild turkey or deer and cook a piece of the meat by holding it on a stick over the blaze. If there was no cabin or shelter near, he would wrap his blanket round him and lie down with his feet toward the fire and sleep as soundly as if in his bed at home. It was a good training school and Washington grew to be six feet two inches tall, with the activity and strength of a giant.

The nobleman who hired him to survey his immense

tract was so pleased with the way in which he did his work that he paid him wages which would be thought high even in these times. In many cases they amounted to twenty dollars a day.

Washington had been home only a little while when the governor appointed him a major of militia. The young Virginian always believed in the good rule that whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well. He took lessons in military drill and became a fine swordsman and a good tactician.

Now do not be startled if I tell you of a defect in Washington's education. There was one thing he tried to do and failed; he never became a good speller. A person who reaches the age of eighteen or twenty without gaining this art is not likely ever to do so. If you examine Washington's letters, you will find a misspelled word here and there. So, boys and girls, the time for you to learn to spell is *now*.

Let us see: Washington was born in 1732, so he became twenty-one years old in 1753. That was an important time in the history of our country. France and England were great rivals in the settlement of the New World. The English settlements were all near the Atlantic coast, while France had planted hers in Canada and began extending them along the Mississippi. She meant to build them all the way to New Orleans and to found a great empire in the Mississippi valley. She and England were certain to clash before long. France claimed the country west of the Alleghenies (ăl'le-gā'-

nies) and built forts at several points. The English settlers put up cabins here and there in this territory and steadily pushed westward. Now and then, the English and French traders met in the woods and quarreled. Then the English climbed over the mountains and began trading with the Indians on the other side. The French stirred up the red men to drive them out from the rich Ohio valley. Since England had claimed all that country from the first, she looked upon the building of the French forts as an invasion of her territory.

Virginia was angered by the course of the French. Before attacking them, the governor decided to send a letter to the French commander warning him to withdraw. He selected Major Washington to carry the letter.

Now, if you will examine your map of Virginia, you will find the town of Williamsburg, which was then the capital, in the southeastern corner, while Waterford, then called Le Bœuf (lēh būf'), near Erie, is far up in the northwestern part of Pennsylvania. Thus Washington had to go across two large States to find the French officer to whom he was to deliver the letter written by the governor of Virginia. The distance there and back was more than a thousand miles, and the country was a wild, mountainous wilderness, in which lived fierce wild beasts and many hostile Indians.

Washington's Journey Through the Wilderness.—Washington left Williamsburg on the last day

of October, 1753. He had four companions, one of whom was a famous hunter and guide named Christopher Gist. All were on horseback and everything was pleasant for a couple of weeks, when they reached the mouth of Will's Creek, the last of the chief tributaries of the Potomac from the north. There they followed an Indian trail which none had ever seen before. They climbed mountains, swam streams and threaded their way through the gloomy defiles until, at the end of nine days, they arrived at the junction of the two rivers which form the Ohio. Washington was quick to notice the military value of the place and said a fort should be built there without delay.

A chief of the Delaware Indians guided the party across the Allegheny and twenty miles down the river to Logtown. The weather had become cold, with flurries of snow and cutting sleet in the air. At Logtown they came upon an Indian village. Washington called a council with the red men, who declared themselves friends of the English and promised to help drive away the French. The chief "Half King," and several warriors, agreed to go with Washington to the French post. There the French treated the visitors well, but made no secret of their intention of holding their ground and expelling the English. At Presque Isle (prěsk ēēl), they found the French commander. He read the letter and wrote in his reply that he was there by command of his superior officers and meant to drive every Englishman out of the valley of the Ohio. Washington took the

letter from the Frenchman, bade him a polite good-bye and started homeward.

The return journey was ten-fold worse than the former one. Winter had fully set in and the weather became intensely cold. At Venango the pack horses gave out. Washington dismounted, strapped a bundle on his back and he and Gist pressed ahead on foot. Many times, when they lay down at night, their wet clothing froze fast to their bodies. Sometimes, in crossing the streams, the ice broke at every step. On the bank of the Allegheny, they made a raft and pushed out among the floating masses of ice. One of these struck the pole against which Washington was pushing and flung him headlong into the river. He was a powerful swimmer and quickly clambered back on the raft. Working their way to a small island, they passed the night, afraid to start a fire because of the Indians. In the morning the ice was frozen so hard that they walked on it to the shore.

They pressed an Indian into service as guide. He seemed to be willing and offered to carry Washington's rifle for him, but the young Virginian thought it best to keep it in his own hands. It was well he did so, for the Indian was a scamp. Just as it was growing dark one night, he raised his gun and fired at Washington when they were hardly fifty feet apart. He missed and began hastily reloading with the intention of firing again, but Gist had him by the throat and flung him to the earth. The old hunter was so enraged he meant to kill him,

but Washington would not permit him to do so and the Indian was allowed to depart. The two men safely reached Williamsburg about the middle of January.

The answer brought back by Washington showed that the French would never leave the disputed country until compelled to do so. Accordingly, preparations were made to drive them out and the French and Indian War began. This proved to be the final struggle between England and France in the New World.

Washington in the French and Indian War.

—When Washington was sent to take possession of the country, he marched toward the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela (mō-nōn'gā-hēē'la) rivers and sent a small company ahead to build a fort. The French, however, drove them away and put up a fort of their own, which they named Duquesne (dôô-cāne). There were a great many more French than English and nearly all were trained soldiers. Washington surrounded a number at night and captured most of them, but he was forced to retreat to a place called Great Meadows, where he turned at bay. His enemies were too powerful and made him promise to return to the settlements further east. Then they allowed him to go.

The war between England and France having opened, England sent a large body of fine troops under General Braddock to help drive out the French. Braddock marched against Fort Duquesne. He and his soldiers were brave, but knew nothing about fighting Indians. They made sport of the rough Virginians, and

when Washington modestly offered some advice, Braddock gave him to understand that he knew his own business and desired him to attend to his own affairs. His well drilled troops would sweep the Indians like chaff from their path.

While this army was marching through the woods and were within ten miles of Fort Duquesne, they were suddenly assailed by the French and Indians, hidden among the trees. The forest was ablaze and the screeches of the red men and the roar and rattle of their guns made a frightful din. The British soldiers were eager to fight, but could see no one to fight. They were shot down like sheep. Washington and his Virginians leaped behind trees and rocks and fought as the Indians were fighting. He called to Braddock to make his soldiers do the same, but that was contrary to the rules of warfare, and the officer held them in line and saw them melt under the fire as snow melts in the sun.

Braddock fought bravely. He had five horses killed under him, his secretary was slain and both his aides wounded. Washington, who was serving on his staff, was the only one left to carry orders. It was strange how he escaped. The French and Indians knew his tall figure and kept firing at him as he galloped back and forth. Twice he had to leap out of the saddle, as his horse went down, and four bullets passed through his coat, but he did not receive a scratch.

Braddock was hit several times and finally sank to

the earth mortally wounded. Washington ran to the dying officer and bent over him.

"What is to be done now?" Braddock faintly asked.

"We must retreat," replied the Virginian.

The retreat was ordered and Washington with his thirty surviving Americans covered the flight of what was left of the routed army.

The fine record made by Washington caused him to be put in chief command of the Virginia troops. The English made little progress for some time, but in 1758 Washington led a force through the woods and drove the French out of Fort Duquesne. The fort was rebuilt and named Fort Pitt, from which the name of Pittsburg was given to the town that gradually grew around it. The French and Indian War ended in 1763. France was beaten at all points and gave up every acre of land she owned in this country.

Washington went back to his home at Mount Vernon, where he would have been content to pass the rest of his life. He had married Mrs. Martha Custis, a beautiful and wealthy widow, and gave his attention to managing his large estates. He fished and hunted and welcomed every one, whether a friend or a stranger, who came to his door. He did not allow the poor of the neighborhood to suffer. He led the life of a hospitable Virginia gentleman.

But troublous times were coming. England began to oppress her American colonies. She taxed them

harshly and would not allow them to send any one to the English Parliament to help make laws for them. She acted as if trying to goad the Americans to the point of resisting her tyranny and she succeeded. Our forefathers lost patience under the continued oppression, and determined to stand it no longer. So, when England sent a big cargo of tea to Boston, for every pound of which she declared the colonies must pay a tax, it met with a reception not counted on. A number of Americans, painted and disguised as Indians, slipped aboard of the ship one night and tumbled all the tea into the bay. That event is known in history as the Boston Tea Party. All the colonies admired the pluck of Boston and took sides with her.

The harsh measures of England increased and the Americans grew more angry. Finally a Congress was called to meet at Philadelphia. This body was made up of representatives from the thirteen colonies, who came together to fix upon a plan of union, and, if possible, bring England to her senses. Washington was sent by Virginia as one of her representatives and Congress forwarded a letter to the king, demanding justice. The stubborn ruler, however, turned a deaf ear to the complaints and sent over a large force of troops to bring the rebels to terms.

Instead of frightening the patriots, this act roused them to the fighting point. They were eager to begin the great struggle for liberty. A body of troops marched out from Boston to Lexington to destroy some

military stores which the Americans had placed there. The farmers and "minute men" ran in from all directions and poured so deadly a fire upon the "red coats," that many were slain and the rest driven back in confusion to the city. This took place April 19, 1775, and was the opening battle of the Revolution.

Congress was still in session at Philadelphia. It was necessary to have a leader for the army. Washington was a member of Congress, as you have been told, and deeply interested in its work. John Adams, of Massachusetts, made an eloquent speech, setting forth the qualities that such a leader must possess. The Virginian sat a few seats off, looking in the orator's face with close attention, when Adams raised his voice and in ringing tones called out:

"I nominate George Washington, of Virginia, commander-in-chief of the American army!"

Washington, who did not dream of what was coming, started, blushed, and became so agitated that he rose from his seat and left the room. He was resolved at first to decline the honor, but when he found Congress was unanimous and would not listen to a refusal, and that no other man was thought of, he could not withhold his consent. Trusting in God for aid, he took upon his shoulders one of the heaviest burdens ever borne by any man.

Washington in the Revolution.—Washington set out for Boston to take command of the army. Before arriving, he learned of the battle of Bunker

Hill. In this battle the Americans fought bravely, but their ammunition gave out and the British regulars drove them from the field.

Washington threw up intrenchments around Boston and held the British army in the city for a number of months. Then he secured a position one dark night on Dorchester Heights, from which he began shelling the enemy. Very soon the British found they had no choice but to go on board their ships in the harbor and sail away.

On the 4th of July, 1776, Congress in Philadelphia signed the immortal Declaration of Independence, which declared the colonies "free and independent." The news was read at the head of the army and was received with the ringing of bells, the burning of bonfires and great rejoicing everywhere.

England was bent on conquering her rebellious colonies. She sent a large fleet and army to capture New York. In a battle fought on Long Island the Americans were defeated and forced to retreat from New York through New Jersey. The soldiers were in rags, and so few in number that a good many patriots thought all was lost. Washington, however, never lost faith in the final triumph of the cause of liberty. After crossing the Delaware into Pennsylvania, he halted and recrossed the river a few miles above Trenton. Through a blinding storm of sleet and snow he marched along the river while it was yet dark, reaching the outskirts of the town on the morning of De-

cember 26, 1776. Many of the Continentals were barefoot and the army could be tracked by their bloody footprints in the snow.

There were a thousand Hessians in Trenton under Colonel Rall. They were surprised, defeated, and most of them taken prisoners. Colonel Rall was mortally wounded, and carried into a tavern, where Washington called on him as he lay on his death-bed. The brilliant victory, in which only a few lives were lost, did a great deal to raise the drooping hopes of the country.

Washington, after crossing the river with his prisoners, returned a few days later to Trenton. There he found Cornwallis in front with his powerful army, while behind was the Delaware, so choked with ice that it could not be passed again by the Continentals. Cornwallis declared that Washington could not escape him.

But the American commander outwitted him. He kept his camp-fires burning and his sentinels moving about on one side of the creek running through the town, so as to make it seem that all his army was there, while Cornwallis waited on the other side for daylight in order to bag the fox, as he called Washington. In the darkness of the night the American commander stole out with his army and by daylight was at Princeton, ten miles away. He was thus in the rear of Cornwallis, and fell upon a detachment of British troops in that town, and defeated and scattered them. Before Cornwallis, who was hurrying from Trenton, could get to Princeton, Washington was beyond his reach and

went into winter-quarters at Morristown. The British general marched to New Brunswick to save the stores he had collected there.

The following year, the English captured Philadelphia, which was our capital. In that city they lived upon the best in the land, while Washington and his patriots shivered in rags and suffered the pangs of starvation at Valley Forge. By and by, France, as you were told in the story of Franklin, gave us arms and loaned us money to help fight the battles of liberty. Not only that, but she sent a large fleet to aid us. This so frightened the British that they hurried out of Philadelphia and made all haste to New York. Washington followed the troops that marched overland and, overtaking them at Monmouth Court House (now Freehold), defeated them.

Thus the war went on for nearly seven years. It gradually drifted away from New England to the South, where the British met with much success. Cornwallis was the best general in the English army. He was in the South and after several victories began marching northward. Washington was near New York and seemed to be making ready to attack the enemy there. When prepared, he faced his Continentals southward and marched in that direction. His purpose was to capture Cornwallis and his fine army, for, if that could be done, it was not likely the people of England would consent that their king should send another army to

conquer the Americans. Indeed, a good many persons in that country had opposed the war from the first.

Washington was at the head, not only of the patriot forces, but of the French troops. Cornwallis had hardly time to learn of his danger, when he was shut up with his army at Yorktown, Virginia. He fought bravely to escape, but the allied troops held him fast. Finally, when all hope was gone, he surrendered, October 19, 1781. This victory brought the Revolution to an end. England saw that the American colonies could never be conquered and gave over the attempt. She made a treaty of peace and acknowledged the independence of the United States.

It was a great thing to secure our independence and we can never be too grateful for the bravery and sufferings of our forefathers. Washington had earned the eternal gratitude of his countrymen, for there never was a more unselfish patriot than he. He fought from the beginning to the end without a penny of pay. He could have had it if he wished, but refused to take it. He kept a strict account of all moneys received from the government, but sometimes forgot to put down that which he paid out. In these cases, he made up the difference from his private funds. Thus it may be said, he not only gave his great services to his country, but paid for the privilege of doing so. As I have said, he never lost faith in our final triumph. Others did, and he had enemies who were jealous of his fame and genius. They tried to displace him from command, but

it never affected his conduct. He persevered to the end and earned his reward.

When the fighting was over, he went back to his almost ruined estate at Mount Vernon, where he hoped to spend the rest of his days in quiet, but it was not so to be. His country had further need of him. The United States was free, but in a sad condition. It could not be any poorer, and, worst of all, there was no real government. The patriots had been kept so busy fighting that they did not feel the need of it. The States held together because that was the only way to win. The time had come when everything would go to ruin unless a strong central government was formed. As it was, each State was a weak country of itself. The Union consisted of thirteen pieces with no cords binding them together.

The danger became so apparent to all that a convention was called to meet in Philadelphia in 1787. Washington was made president of the convention, which formed and adopted the Constitution that, with its amendments, has governed us ever since.

Washington as President.—The Constitution being accepted, it was necessary to choose a President of the United States. No other person was thought of besides Washington, who received all the votes cast. He took the oath of office in New York, April 30, 1789. The following year, Philadelphia became the capital and remained so until 1800, when the honor fell to the city of Washington.

Washington was re-elected when his first term ended and would have been elected a third time had he not refused. His administration was worthy in every way of his great ability, his statesmanship and his exalted patriotism. His character remained pure and unspotted through life, and when he died at Mount Vernon, December 14, 1799, he was mourned and honored by the civilized world.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

A model boy; the birth of Washington; his brother; his school days; his strength and activity; why he did not become a midshipman; his work as a surveyor; his defect as a speller; the rivalry between England and France in this country; Washington's journey through the wilderness; his return journey; the reply he brought back; his movement against Fort Duquesne; the disaster to General Braddock's army; the end of the war; Washington's return to Mount Vernon; the cause of the American Revolution; the Boston Tea Party; the Congress at Philadelphia; the battle of Lexington; the nomination of Washington as commander-in-chief; the driving out of the British from Boston; the Declaration of Independence; the battle of Long Island; the battle of Trenton; of Princeton; the fall of Philadelphia; the aid from France; the battle of Monmouth Court House; the victory at Yorktown; Washington's services during the Revolution; the formation of the Constitution; Washington's Presidency; his death.



X.

James Robertson and John Sevier.

A-döpt'ed, agreed to. Læg'is-lät'ure, that body which makes the laws. Ö'r'gan-iz'ed, properly arranged. Com-mīs'sion-ers, those appointed to do some business. Thrive, to prosper. Chinks, gaps or cracks. Tō'ries, those who favored Great Britain in the Revolution. Pa-tröl', to guard. Rān'gers, soldiers who go from place to place. Ām'bus-cād'ed, drawn into an ambush or hidden place. De-file', a long, narrow pass. Rāl'ly, to collect or reduce to order.

YOU have learned in the story of Washington that, when he made his journey through the wilderness, the English settlements in this country were near the Atlantic coast. The vast territory stretching from the Allegheny Mountains westward to the Pacific Ocean was inhabited almost wholly by wild beasts and Indians. The French had planted a number of military posts in the Mississippi valley, but these were taken away from them by the French and Indian War. Think of the map of our country as painted black, then mark the coast on the east with a fringe of white and it will show how small a portion was settled.

But the Americans are roving and enterprising. They knew about the rich lands lying beyond the

mountains. Hunters and trappers had been there and brought back reports which set the people thinking. Daniel Boone spent several years in Kentucky. At first he was alone, then he had a few companions and afterward he guided a number of families, including his own, into that region and settled there. Others went into the section now known as the State of Tennessee and began putting up log cabins. This migration continued until, at the end of ten years, more than twenty thousand persons were living on the other side of the Alleghenies. The movement was the beginning of the development of the West and marked an era in the growth of our country. I am now going to tell you about the two men who had the most to do with the early settlement and opening of that extensive section.

James Robertson.—Their names were James Robertson and John Sevier. Both were born in Virginia, Robertson in 1742 and Sevier three years later. Sevier belonged to a good family and had a fair education. He corresponded with President Madison, Franklin and other leading statesmen. Robertson was taught to read and write by his wife. He was shrewd, wise and brave. He came to that part of Tennessee called Wautaga in 1770. He had been married two years. He was tall, strong, sinewy, active and possessed dauntless courage. He was not in quest of adventure alone, though he liked that, but was looking for a place where he could take his family. He rode over the mountains from North Carolina to the Great Smokies, where he

found the most lovely country on which he had ever gazed. A few settlers were ahead of him and gave him welcome. He stayed with them long enough to raise a crop of corn. Then he placed a small quantity on his horse, mounted and started for North Carolina, as he had come without any companions. He had made up his mind to bring his family to Wautaga to live.

He was riding his horse through the lonely mountains, when he discovered that he had strayed from the faint path. He tried for hours to find it, but wandered further away until he had to give up. He was in so wild a region that his horse was of no use to him, so he let him go and set out to walk home. There was plenty of game and he had little fear of suffering for food. A cold, driving rain, however, soaked his powder so he could not do anything with it. Thus he was not only lost but in danger of starvation.

For two weeks he wandered through the mountains, sleeping beside rocks or fallen trees or wherever he could find shelter from the wintry wind, hunting all the time for some way out of the desolate region but unable to find it. He kept himself alive by eating nuts and berries. When so worn out that he could hardly walk, he met two hunters, who gave him food, allowed him to ride by turns on one of their horses and finally guided him to his home.

In the following spring, Robertson set out for Wautaga with fifteen families beside his own. The party journeyed like scores of others who came a long dis-

tance to found new homes in the West. The strong men walked, with their rifles slung over their shoulders, on the lookout for game or treacherous Indians. The larger children drove the cows, while the women, the smaller children and the weak rode the pack horses, which carried the few household goods and implements for clearing and planting land.

Robertson soon became the leading man in the settlement. On an island in the river he built a large cabin and furnished it in the rude style of the day. His foresight, wisdom and fine character caused his neighbors to look up to him for guidance, and he showed himself worthy of their trust.

He quickly saw that in a growing community like that around him, they could not get along without government. So he drew up a number of articles, such as were needed, and the pioneers were glad to agree to them. They were the first of the kind adopted west of the mountains. The settlers met in general convention and selected thirteen men to represent them in the first frontier legislature. That body named five of their number to carry on the regular business of government. Among the five were Robertson and Sevier.

This court ruled for six years and ruled well. It was moderate, careful of the rights of all, just to every one and stern toward wrong-doers. It made treaties with the Indians, who caused much trouble. At the end of six years, North Carolina organized Tennessee

into Washington County and the old form of government came to an end. Little change, however, followed. Robertson, Sevier, and their associates were made members of the new court, and their just method of governing continued as before. To show how they managed matters, a horse thief was arrested one day, tried and found guilty on the third, and hanged on the fifth day. They did not bother with appeals, by which in these times a criminal sometimes escapes punishment for months and years.

The British agents among the Cherokees ordered the Wautaga settlers to leave their lands. They refused, but, knowing their danger, sent two commissioners, to visit and treat with the Indians. Robertson was one of the commissioners, and they arranged things to suit all parties. An unfortunate incident occurred about that time. During some frontier sports, in which the whites and Indians took part, some evil settlers, prowling in the woods, shot one of the Indians. The rest ran off, full of anger and bent on revenge.

The relations between the white and red men were always so delicate that only by the greatest care had a war been averted. Every one now prepared for the worst outbreak in the history of the colony. The Indians were glad of an excuse to begin burning cabins and shooting settlers, and they made ready to go on the war path. Robertson left Sevier and the others to build a palisaded fort and then did a bold and wise thing: he set off alone for the Cherokee towns.

Nothing could have been more dangerous, for he was liable to be shot at any point of the long journey through the woods. But he did not hesitate. While the furious Cherokees were dancing their war dance, they were astonished to see Robertson walk out of the forest and advance among them. He was dignified, cool, and, best of all, had tact. He knew how to talk to the Indians, and they had learned long before that he was a brave and just man. Sullen and scowling, they listened to his words. He told them that he and his friends were as angry as they over the shooting of one of their number, and they would use every effort to capture and punish the murderer. Talk like this would have had little effect from anyone else, but the Indians believed him and war was averted.

The colony began to thrive. It was the first distinct body to move into the wilderness and to build dwellings for themselves and families. Robertson, like Sevier, took part in what is known as Lord Dunmore's War. The decisive battle was fought on the Great Kanawha at Point Pleasant. The Indians were led by Cornstalk, a famous chief of the Shawanoes. He brought his warriors, numbering more than a thousand, a long way through the forest, and did it with so much skill and secrecy that no one knew he was on the Great Kanawha until he arrived there.

Cornstalk's line of battle was more than a mile long. The force of settlers was about the same as his, and faced the Indians with only a few rods between the

lines. Thus they fought for hours, shooting from behind trees and any shelter that offered. Very often, they would rush toward each other and grapple in hand-to-hand combat. Cornstalk showed more generalship than the leader of the white men, and when the fighting was over, neither side had the advantage. Peace came after a time, but did not last long.

Robertson was made superintendent of Indian affairs and lived among the Cherokees for a number of years. Then he left to settle in a new section. He had been a leader among the pioneers on the Holston and Cumberland and they had become thriving and prosperous. He now yielded to the yearning to push further westward and found new settlements and towns. I suppose he felt like the hunter, who found one morning that his next-door neighbor was near enough for him to see the smoke of his chimney. So he moved further into the woods, where he could have elbow-room.

Robertson selected the rich and beautiful country around the great bend of the Cumberland. He first went with a small party to examine the place. They cleared off a part of the ground, planted it with corn and then went back to bring out their families. They took care, however, to leave three of their number behind to keep the buffaloes out of the corn. If a number of boys were set to do that in these days, they would have to wait a long time before the buffaloes would disturb them. Robertson guided the families back to the section when autumn came.

In a short time five hundred settlers were on the Cumberland. The central station was a palisaded hamlet, which Robertson named Nashborough, in honor of the patriot Governor Nash, of North Carolina. That part of the country was not claimed by any particular tribe of Indians and the settlers did not think they would be disturbed. So they scattered here and there to take up claims. Robertson warned them of their danger, and, sure enough, before long the savages attacked and drove them back.

Seeing as before the need of good government, the founder of the colony drew up a series of articles, which were adopted at Nashborough. The Indians gave them no rest. They crouched in the woods and shot down the settlers whenever they got the chance. They imitated the call of turkeys to draw a hunter away from the settlement and watched for hours for some one to walk into the snare. They killed or captured all of the people at one of the stations. Among the slain was a son of Robertson.

When the ammunition of the pioneers ran low, Robertson offered to go alone to Kentucky to get a supply. He made the long journey alone, where every mile was attended with peril. It was in the depth of winter, with snow on the ground and a keen, cutting wind moaning among the trees. He reached Free-land Station on his return in the month of January, 1781.

You may be sure the people were glad to see the

brave man back among them once more with a full supply of powder. He ate supper and sat up late talking with the family. The good people had no thought of danger when they retired and Robertson went to his room.

He felt uneasy, however, though he knew the gate of the palisades had been fastened. He could not sleep, and lay tossing in his bed, more and more certain that something was wrong. About midnight he heard a slight noise. He leaped up and ran to the window. The moon was shining brightly and he saw an alarming sight.

The noise which he had heard was made by several warriors in unbarring the gate. A band of them were stealing into the yard. Robertson shouted "*Indians!*" and pointing his gun through the window, shot down the foremost warrior. The noise aroused the other settlers and in a few minutes the rifles were cracking from every house.

The Indians had not expected this. But for the watchfulness of Robertson, all the people at the station would have been slain. It is not often that red men allow themselves to be caught at a disadvantage, but it was so this time. The bright moon showed them as clearly as if at noonday, and since there was no place where they could screen themselves, they skurried out of the gate and fired from beyond. One of the cabins did not have the chinks between the logs filled with clay, and some of the bullets passed within. A negro

was killed and two white men wounded. The assailants soon left.

So many people were slain by the Indians that the settlers would have moved back to their old homes, but for the persuasion of Robertson. Some did go to Kentucky, some to Natchez and some to Illinois. After a time other people came and Robertson lived to see the country he had done so much to develop fairly started on the road to prosperity.

John Sevier.—Sevier did not go to Wautaga until Robertson had been there two years. As you have learned, he was of fair education and belonged to a good family. He was said to be the finest-looking man in Tennessee. Before I am through with this story, I shall show that he was the best Indian fighter in the Southwest.

I do not mean that he was braver than Robertson and many others, nor that he set out to hunt and shoot down red men, as some of his friends did. He loved peace and treated the Indians so justly that they respected him. When at last they were defeated, they begged that he might be the one to treat with them. They knew he would do nothing that was not right.

You will remember that when Robertson set off alone to visit the Cherokees, in the hope of persuading them not to go to war, he left Sevier behind at the settlement to build a fort. He did that and sometime later took an active part in Lord Dunmore's war. He was so ardent a patriot that a party of Tories plotted to

kill him while asleep at home in bed. But the wife of one of the Tories had been treated kindly by the wife of Sevier, and told her of the plot. The result was that the ringleader of the Tories was killed and the rest fled for their lives.

Sevier quickly became a leader in Washington County. He was one of the most hospitable of men and treated all so well that they could not help liking him. No braver pioneer lived, and he was always a gentleman. The poorest and least worthy were treated so kindly that they declared "Chucky John," as they called him, the best fellow in the world.

North Carolina, in 1780, was in so much peril from the Tories and British, that she sent messengers across the mountains to the Holston colony asking for help. There was great danger from the Indians, but most of the men went. Sevier stayed behind to patrol the settlements and watch the Cherokees, who were on the alert for a chance to attack the pioneers.

The danger from the British increasing, Sevier raised a company of rifle-rangers. In the regiment to which he was attached he had two sons, two of his brothers were captains, and two relatives were privates. Sevier led the right wing in the battle of King's Mountain and did excellent service.

After this battle, the people of Holston or Upper Tennessee were in imminent peril again from the Cherokee Indians. Congress tried to make a treaty of peace with them and did all that could be done to hold

them neutral, but the British agents stirred them to strike the patriots whenever the chance offered. They did not attack the settlements in large bands, but stole horses, burned cabins, and shot and scalped men, women, and children, whenever it was safe to do so.

In order to deliver a crushing blow, a force of seven hundred mounted riflemen was raised among the Holston settlements and in Virginia. Sevier with a force of about three hundred, came upon the Indians at Boyd's Creek. There he proved his skill by beating the savages at their own style of warfare. He ambuscaded the whole force, inflicted severe loss and scattered the rest, while not a white man was so much as wounded.

This success brought relief and delighted Virginia and North Carolina, but it did not result in lasting peace. Sevier determined to strike a blow that should settle matters, and he again proved his title of the best Indian fighter in the Southwest.

Selecting one hundred and fifty horsemen, every one of whom was a dead shot, he set out for the Cherokee country. No venture of the kind had ever been made before, and the savages did not dream of their danger. With these men, Sevier swam mountain torrents, threaded his way through gloomy defiles, where no trail guided them, over towering peaks, frosted with snow and into the wildest depths of the Great Smoky range, until he had penetrated a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. Then the party descended like a

thunderbolt upon the Indian towns. The main village was captured, thirty warriors slain, and many women and children taken prisoners. Two other towns and three small villages were burned, a vast amount of provisions destroyed and two hundred horses taken away. Only one white man was killed and one wounded. Before the Cherokees could rally, Sevier and his men had dashed into the mountains and were soon safe home again.

The prisoners taken by Sevier were exchanged for those held by the Indians. It was necessary to strike the Cherokees repeatedly and no man did it so effectively as Sevier. He appeared at the most unexpected places and times and played havoc right and left, and he kept it up until the savages begged for peace. Then it was that they asked that Sevier might be appointed to arrange terms with them.

All danger from the red men being over, Sevier and several of his friends led companies of mounted riflemen to the help of the struggling patriots in Georgia and the Carolinas. He aided Marion in many of his fights with the Tories and British, adding to his reputation as a bold and skilful fighter in every engagement in which he took part. He was the first governor of Tennessee. Like Robertson, however, his chief fame rests upon his splendid work in settling and developing the Southwest. The doings of no one else can be compared with theirs.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The settled portion of our country before the Revolution ; the westward movement ; James Robertson and John Sevier ; Robertson's visit to Wautaga ; his return journey ; his removal to Wautaga ; how the government was arranged ; how he prevented an Indian war ; the battle of Point Pleasant ; the next movement of Robertson ; Nashborough ; the troubles with the Indians ; Robertson's adventure at Freeland Station ; progress of the settlement.—John Sevier ; the plot of the Tories ; King's Mountain ; his exploit in Indian warfare ; his expedition into the Cherokee country ; his further services.



XI.

ELI WHITNEY.

Cult'ure, the growth or production. Fi'bre, slender thread.
Dëft, apt, neat. Draw wire, to stretch or lengthen it out.
Pât'ent, a grant by the government for a term of years of
the sole rights of an invention. Per-cënt'age, an allowance
or commission on a hundred. Män'u-fact'ure, to make any
wares.

AMONG the young men who graduated from Yale College shortly after the Revolution was Eli Whitney, who was born in Massachusetts, December 8, 1765. He removed to Savannah, Georgia, and took up the study of law. He boarded with the widow of General Nathaniel Greene, the "Quaker general" in our war for independence, who not only looked like Washington, but was next to him in skill and his equal in nobility of character.

One day young Whitney was talking with Mrs. Greene about the culture of cotton. The soil and climate of the South are well fitted for this industry, but at that time it amounted to little. It did not pay because of the tedious labor required to separate the fibre from the seed. If you will try to do this, you will find that the two cling so closely that it is hard work to

pull them apart. The most that a deft negro woman could do was to clean a pound a day. That was so slow that few people cared to cultivate cotton.

Mrs. Greene asked Whitney why he did not try to invent a machine that would separate the cotton from the seed. The young man saw that if he succeeded in doing this, his invention would prove one of the most useful in the world and bring him a fortune. He said he would try, and set to work.

He found it hard to do what was necessary. In the first place, he had to make his own tools and draw his own wire. The idea, however, was in his brain, and he wrought night and day. He allowed no one to see the machine except Mrs. Greene and a friend named Miller. If his secret became known to others, they would steal his idea and thus rob him of the money he was sure to make from his invention.

But in some way the truth leaked out. The people knew the young man was at work on a contrivance which would be of great help in the culture of cotton. They tried to get a peep at it, but Whitney kept them at a distance, and neither he nor his friends would tell them anything about it.

One morning he went out to the shed to resume work on his invention, but to his dismay, it was not there. Some one had broken into the building at night and stolen it. It was a cruel disappointment, for he could not find out who the thief was and his secret was now known to others. He set to work at once on a new

model, but before he could finish it several machines based on his ideas had been made and were in operation. He took his friend Miller into partnership, and in May, 1793, they went to Connecticut to manufacture the machines for the South.

The patent was so valuable that it was continually infringed upon; that is, people who had no right to do so made and sold the machines. It cost a great deal to stop them and, after spending much money, Whitney often failed to get the profits that belonged to him. South Carolina agreed to pay him \$50,000 for his invention, but it took a long and expensive lawsuit to secure it. North Carolina allowed him a percentage for five years. She collected and paid it too. Tennessee promised to do the same thing, but did not.

Whitney had enough misfortunes to discourage any man. Lawsuits were on his hands all the time. Reports were spread that his machines injured the fibre of the cotton. Congress refused to renew his patent. His factory burned down and his partner, Miller, died. All his money was gone and nothing more could be made out of his invention.

But remember, boys, that while you may lose money, there are better things than money which no one can steal from you. Your good name, your honesty, and your ability belong to you and no person can rob you of them. Instead of giving up, Eli Whitney turned his energies in other directions. He began manufacturing firearms for the government and again

became a wealthy man. He was the first one to make each single part of a gun fit any one of the thousands of guns being made at the same time. He invented several other contrivances, which added more to his fame than to his fortune.

The great invention of Whitney is known as the cotton gin. The word "gin" is a shortening of the word "engine." To show you what work it did, I need only tell you that one of those simple machines will separate more cotton from its seed in one day than three thousand men can separate by their hands in the same time. Its structure is so simple that you can learn in a few minutes how it works. You will wonder, as is the case with many inventions, why some one did not think of it before Whitney.

Perhaps no American invention ever produced a greater effect upon our country. The growth of cotton increased with marvelous rapidity. It brought wealth to the planters and made the South so rich and powerful that the people were confident of success when the civil war began. Many believe that but for the cotton gin there never would have been a civil war. Four-fifths of the cotton used in England comes from this country, where the annual product is not millions, but billions of pounds.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

Eli Whitney; his conversation with Mrs. Greene; the difficulty of separating cotton seed from the fibre; Whitney's

work; his loss; the invention; the infringements; what he was paid; his misfortunes; what things cannot be stolen from a person; his other successes; what has been accomplished by the cotton gin · the amount of cotton grown in this country.



XII.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.

Re-peal', to make of no effect. Min'is-ter, the representative of a government at a foreign post. Šec're-tā'ry of State, the head of the State Department. Trib'ute, tax. Pěl'tries, skins with the fur on. Ē'ra, a fixed point of time. Hāil'ed, called to loudly. Pēst'er-ed, annoyed.

THOMAS JEFFERSON was the most learned President we ever had. He was master of the Latin, Greek, French, Spanish and Italian languages, a fine musician, a good mathematician, and, though not an orator, could express his thoughts on paper with exquisite grace and power. He ranks among the greatest of all our Presidents.

He was born at Shadwell, Virginia, April 2, 1743. His father was a rich planter, who died when his son was fourteen years old and left him a large plantation. Jefferson was of thin frame but as tall as Washington. He was fond of horses and the athletic sports of those days, but he knew the value of time and did not waste it. When at Williamsburg College, he sometimes studied ten, twelve and even more hours a day. His sturdy frame enabled him to do this without harm to himself.

He graduated during the stirring times when the people were preparing for the Revolution. He married a wealthy lady and built a fine house, which he called Monticello (mōn'te-chēl'lo). He was an ardent patriot and was sent to the Virginia legislature while yet a young man. He was elected to Congress soon afterward. He wrote nearly every word of the Declaration of Independence. The place where he did this is still preserved with great care in Philadelphia. The Declaration is among the most precious treasures of our government.

Jefferson secured the passage of many excellent laws. Virginia, like the rest of the States, had copied most of her laws from those of England. One provided that the land belonging to the head of a family should go at his death to the eldest son. This is called the law of entail. Jefferson had it repealed. In some of the States the religion was established by law. This was also done away with in Virginia through his efforts. No one was taxed to support any faith. He was the author, too, of our decimal system of money and of a set of rules for governing the United States Senate.

During a part of the Revolution, Jefferson was governor of Virginia. He had to make great exertions to prevent the State being overrun by the enemy. He was obliged to flee from his own house to escape capture. The British were very anxious to lay hands on the man who wrote the Declaration of Independence.

He was a loving husband and father and so kind to his slaves that they idolized him. He met with deep sorrow in the loss of four of his six children while they were young and in the death of his wife who passed away at the close of the Revolution.



THOMAS JEFFERSON.

When Franklin, who was old and feeble, came back from serving as minister to France, Jefferson took his place. He remained abroad five years. On his return to Monticello, his slaves lifted him out of his carriage, carried him into the house and were so delighted to

see him among them again that they wept with joy. Washington was President and made Jefferson his Secretary of State. On the last day of 1793, he resigned and went back to Monticello.

The country knew the worth of Jefferson too well to allow him to remain in retirement. He was elected Vice-President under Adams, the second President, and in 1800 became President. He held the office for two terms. He was the founder of the Democratic party of to-day, which, rather oddly, was known in his time as the Republican party. Although rich and highly educated, he was in favor of simplicity and economy. He did not like pomp and show. On the day of his inauguration, instead of proceeding to the capitol in state, as Washington and Adams had done, he rode alone on horseback. He stopped the social receptions because he thought they looked too much like royalty. He tried to keep his birthday a secret so his friends could not celebrate it. He did not wish any one to apply a title to his name when addressing him. Instead of wearing showy buckles in his shoes, he used ordinary leather strings. He tried to conduct the government on the principles that Franklin set forth in "Poor Richard's Almanac."

Many important events took place during Jefferson's administration. In 1803, our government bought Louisiana from France for \$15,000,000. It was an immense territory at that time, including all of the present States of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Nebraska,

Minnesota, Iowa, Indian Territory, the Dakotas, Montana and parts of Kansas, Wyoming and Colorado.

The bashaw or ruler at Tripoli had made a practice for years of capturing the vessels of Christian nations and holding their crews for ransom. These great powers actually paid that barbarian an annual tribute on condition that he would let their vessels alone. The bashaw thought the United States was too slow in paying its tax, so he made up his mind to wake us up by declaring war.

And didn't he receive a lesson? Our gallant little navy soon appeared in the Mediterranean and played havoc with his vessels and crews. The city of Tripoli was bombarded and the bashaw scared almost out of his wits. He made haste to sign just such a treaty as we ordered him to sign.

When Jefferson was President, very little was known of the country on the other side of the Mississippi. Most of it was marked on the maps as an unexplored region. Now and then a few hunters or trappers ventured into the vast section in search of furs. When not slain by Indians, they came back with valuable peltries and perhaps a little additional knowledge of the country. In the spring of 1804, Captains Lewis and Clarke led an exploring expedition westward. They were gone two years, during which they reached the headwaters of the Columbia and followed it down to its mouth in the Pacific. They were the first white men to cross the continent north of Mexico.

In 1787, John Fitch, who had a gun shop in Trenton during the Revolution, put together a rude steamboat. Instead of having wheels at the sides, he arranged a number of oars to be worked by an engine. The boat was a failure, although he made one trip to Burlington in 1788. Success was not reached until 1807. In that year, Robert Fulton, an American, made a steamer, called the *Katherine of Clermont*. It was over one hundred feet long, about twenty feet wide, with paddle wheels and a sheet iron boiler that had been brought from England. It was launched at New York and started up the river August 1st. It took thirty-two hours to go to Albany, a distance of one hundred and five miles, but the event marked an era in the history of the world.

England began acting unjustly toward the United States about this time. She claimed the right to stop our vessels anywhere and search them for deserters. In June, 1807, the British frigate *Leopard* hailed the American frigate *Chesapeake*, which refused to allow the searching party to come on board. Thereupon the *Leopard* poured several broadsides into the *Chesapeake*, killing three and wounding seventeen men. This was the chief outrage that brought on the war of 1812.

Matters were in this unsettled state when Jefferson's second term ended and he went back to Monticello to end his days in peace. He was so famous that people continually flocked thither to gain a look at him. Like all Southerners, he was very hospitable, but the

crowds pestered him all the time and finally made him poor.

One of the strangest events in our history took place July 4, 1826. On that day, John Adams, the second President, and Jefferson, the third, died. They were very old men, and passed away just fifty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, with which they had more to do than any one else. It was a striking incident, the like of which was never known.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The learning of Thomas Jefferson ; his birth and education ; Monticello ; his first years in public life ; the Declaration of Independence ; the laws he secured ; his experience when governor of Virginia ; his affliction ; his return from France ; Washington's appreciation of him ; his Vice-Presidency and Presidency ; his simple tastes ; the purchase of Louisiana ; the war with Tripoli ; the expedition of Lewis and Clarke ; the first steamboat ; the affair of the *Leopard* and *Chesapeake* ; Jefferson's retirement and death.



XIII.

ANDREW JACKSON.

Ōb'sta-cle, anything that hinders. Clām'or-ed, demanded in a loud voice. Mī-lī'tia (mī-līsh'a), a body of soldiers, enrolled for discipline, but used only in emergency. Ān'ni-vēr'sa-ry, returning with the year at a stated time. Wī'ly, cunning. Cōurt-mār'tial-ed, tried by a military court.

ANDREW JACKSON was one of the most remarkable of all the men that have been President of our country. He had a fiery temper and was as ready to fight as Miles Standish. He was afraid of nobody. He loved his friends and hated his enemies. He was a patriot, ready to give his life for his country. When he believed himself right, he cared for the opinion of no one and stopped at no obstacle. He would carry out his own will in the face of the world.

There were many traits about Jackson to admire. He never wronged a man out of a penny. Every hair of his head was honest. He lived a pure life, loved his wife tenderly, treated all women with the utmost respect, and, after his stormy life, became a devout Christian. His father was an Irishman, who died when Andrew was only five days old. He was born just

across the line in North Carolina, March 15, 1767. He had two brothers older than himself. The mother was so poor that only by hard work was she able to provide food and clothing for her little ones.

You have learned in the story of Washington that toward the close of the Revolution, the South was overrun by the British. There was a great deal of hard fighting and our soldiers suffered for food and clothing. Besides that, many of the people were Tories and helped the enemy, so that the patriots had to fight them too. Marion, Sumter, and Pickens did good service and greatly helped the cause of independence. In August, 1780, Sumter attacked a large force of Tories and British at a place called Hanging Rock. The fight was sharp, but the enemy were defeated and driven in all directions. One of the bravest of the patriots was little Andrew Jackson, only thirteen years old.

The eldest brother was killed while fighting for his country, but Andrew and the other brother were taken prisoners. A British officer thought the young Americans were just the ones to serve him as bootblacks. He ordered Andrew to clean his boots, but the lad refused. The officer struck him a brutal blow with his sword and made a bad wound, but he could not compel the sturdy patriot to obey him. The brother was equally obstinate, and died from the hurt he received. Andrew alone was left, and he was taken down with small-pox. He was given up to die, but his good

mother secured his release and nursed him back to health. She died soon afterward, so that at the close of the Revolution, Andrew was the only member of the family alive.

When peace came, he took up the study of law and at the age of twenty-one, moved to Nashville, Tennessee. It was a rough country, but it suited him. He fought a number of duels. In one he faced the most famous pistol-shot in the country. Jackson killed the man and received a bad wound himself, but he did not let anyone know he was hurt, because he did not wish his enemy to see him suffer during the few minutes that he lived.

In 1796, Jackson was elected to the Tennessee Legislature. He sat in the Senate for a year without making a speech or casting a vote. Then he went home, where he was appointed a Judge of the Supreme Court, and a major-general of militia. Weatherford, a vicious chief of the Creek Indians, with more than a thousand warriors, attacked Fort Mimms, Alabama, in the latter part of the summer of 1813. The garrison were not expecting an attack and were surprised. They numbered three hundred with the women and children. They fought bravely, but were overcome and nearly all killed. Many of the women and children that had taken refuge in a building were burned to death with the wounded commander of the fort.

The massacre roused the wrath of the American nation. Tennessee called for five thousand soldiers,

which were placed under the command of Jackson, who was ordered to punish the Creeks for their crime. Jackson had not yet recovered from a wound received in a duel, but he placed himself at the head of the Tennesseans and marched into the Indian country.

The soldiers suffered greatly for food. The provisions that were promised did not arrive and the men grew desperate. One of them went to the commander, who was sitting under a tree munching something and told him he could stand it no longer. He must have food or he would leave.

"I am sorry for you," replied Jackson, "and am always ready to divide with a hungry man; here's half of my dinner."

As he spoke, he extended his open palm toward the soldier, who saw that it contained a few acorns. The heroic example of the leader did much to quiet the mutinous soldiers, but had any other man than Jackson been over them, they would have revolted and gone home.

The Creeks fought bravely, but Jackson defeated them again and again. Finally, hundreds of the warriors gathered at Horse Shoe Bend for the last stand. They were routed with great loss and the Creek War ended. The Indians had come to fear Jackson so much that they nick-named him "Sharp Knife" and "Pointed Arrow." His own friends called him "Old Hickory."

The Creeks kept coming in and surrendering, but the man of all others whom Jackson wanted and whom

he was determined to have, did not appear. He was Weatherford, the leader at the massacre of Fort Mimms. It was not safe to leave him free, for there was no saying what mischief he would plot. Jackson told the Creeks he would not make peace with them until they brought in their chief. When Weatherford heard of this, he walked into Jackson's tent and told him he had come to surrender himself. Jackson was astonished at his action, but admired his bravery. He informed Weatherford that he was free and would not be disturbed as long as he kept his promise. The soldiers clamored for the life of the chief, but Jackson would not let them touch him.

The army which England sent against New Orleans was one of the finest in the world. It numbered twelve thousand soldiers, all of whom were trained veterans. They were under the command of General Pakenham, brother-in-law of the Duke of Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon.

Jackson, who had charge of the defences of the city, was not frightened by this imposing array. He enlisted every man possible for work in repelling the invaders. No matter who they were, he put a musket in their hands and set them to work. He took the militia, the convicts, the negroes, and even a pirate captain. The British had tried to hire this pirate, but he refused and joined Jackson. The people in New Orleans began to complain of Jackson's harsh measures. He stopped that by declaring martial

law; that is to say, he set the regular authorities of the city aside and governed it with his own soldiers. It did not take the people long to learn they had a master over them.

The patriot army numbered about three thousand men, mostly militia. They were placed in a line of intrenchments a mile in length, about four miles from the city. Among them were scores of Kentucky and Tennessee riflemen, the finest marksmen in the world. The British regulars advanced against the Americans again and again, but were swept off their feet by the unerring riflemen. General Pakenham, and more than two thousand of his men were killed, while the Americans lost only seven. This great victory was won January 8, 1815, and added much to General Jackson's fame. No anniversary is allowed to pass without a celebration of the triumph.

To show Jackson's self-will and vigor, I will tell you what he did in 1818. He had invaded Florida in pursuit of some Seminoles, with whom we were at war. The territory then belonged to Spain. Jackson was determined to follow the savages anywhere necessary to catch them. He caught two of the chiefs, who, it was proven, had committed many atrocities and hanged both. He tried to lay hands on Billy Bowlegs, one of the leaders, but the wily fellow kept out of his reach.

Jackson captured a former officer of the British army and a Scotchman who was an Indian trader. It was known that these men had given help to

the Seminoles. A court-martial sentenced the Englishman to receive fifty lashes and suffer a year's imprisonment, while the Scotchman was ordered to be shot. Jackson had him shot, then set aside the sentence of the Englishman and shot him.

Andrew Jackson had become the idol of the American people, and in 1828 he was elected President by an immense majority. He was re-elected four years later, and carried into his high office all those qualities which his countrymen had learned to admire. He was inflexibly honest, stern, kind to his friends, harsh to his enemies and patriotic always. He turned out of office those that did not agree with him in politics, and put his supporters in their places. He compelled foreign nations to respect our flag and our country. On the conclusion of his second term, he retired to his home in Tennessee, known as the "Hermitage," where he died from consumption in 1845.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about:

The character of Andrew Jackson; his birth; what he did during the Revolution; his removal to Tennessee; his duelling habits; his course in the Tennessee Legislature; the massacre at Fort Mimms; the Creek War; the incident of the hungry soldier; the surrender of Weatherford; the battle of New Orleans; Jackson's course in Florida; his terms as President; his death.

XIV.

S. F. B. MORSE.

Süb'tle, (süt'el), delicate, fine, hard to understand. Rīg'id, stiff, hard to bend. Cir'cuit (sēr'kit), in electricity, the distance through which the electrical fluid passes from the starting point and back again. Re-büffs', rude checks or repulses. Per-sist'en-cy, steady pursuit of what is undertaken. Spě'cial, uncommon. Süb'ma-rīne, under the sea. Frā-tēr'nī-ty, a brotherhood.

IF ALL the telegraph wires in this country were stretched in a single line, they would reach from the earth to the moon, then back and once more to the moon, with twenty thousand miles dangling in space like the tail of a kite. They would wrap the world round thirty times and leave enough to tie the ends in a big knot. And yet, when Fremont began his exploration of the West, there was not a mile of telegraph wire in the United States.

It was Benjamin Franklin, the philosopher, who first brought down the lightning from the clouds by means of his kite. It has been said that he caught the lightning and Morse harnessed it. It may be added that Edison is now busy taming the subtle steed, which is fast working a revolution in the world.

The inventor of the magnetic telegraph was Samuel Finley Breese Morse, born in Charlestown, Massachusetts, April 27, 1791. His grandfather was president of Princeton College, and his father, a clergyman, was author of Morse's geography, which many of your parents remember. The son was a graduate of Yale, and early gave his attention to painting, in which he afterwards became famous. When a boy at school he scratched the likeness of his teacher on a bureau and was whipped for it. At fifteen, he painted in colors, and at nineteen made a fine picture of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth. This picture hung for a long time in the office of the mayor of Charlestown.

The first idea of the telegraph entered the mind of Morse one morning when in the recitation room at college. During a lesson on the subject of electricity, of which little was known, these words were spoken and lingered in his mind: "If the current of electricity be interrupted the fluid will become visible; and when it passes, it will leave an impression upon the intermediate body." Morse pondered over this fact for months and years, dimly seeing the great invention which was to make him famous, but which took him years to bring to perfection.

He took up the study of painting. He went to Europe, where he became the favorite pupil of the celebrated Benjamin West. He showed great ability and improved fast. One day, having made with great care a small cast of Hercules, he showed it to West.

He examined and handed it back with the remark: "Very good, sir; go on and finish it." "It is finished," replied the surprised Morse. "No," said his master, with a disapproving shake of his head.

Morse took it away and wrought for another week. When he brought it back, his teacher made the same remark as before. The young man was dissatisfied. Then West pointed out its defects, which Morse admitted, and devoted three days to correcting them. Returning, he once more handed it to his instructor, who examined it with great care. "Well done, indeed," he remarked; "now go on and finish it."

As may be supposed, Morse was discouraged. Then West praised his industry and skill and told him that if he would really finish one picture he would become a painter. Morse's clay model of the "Dying



S. F. B. MORSE.

Hercules" carried off the prize at the Society of Arts, and the gold medal was conferred on him in the presence of a distinguished company. A large painting took foremost rank at the exhibition of the Royal Academy.

Morse's father was poor, and the son was obliged to use rigid economy to support himself. When he came back to this country, he was famous, but had no money. He and his brother invented a pump, but it turned out a failure. He supported himself by traveling through the country and painting portraits wherever he could find people who wanted them. All this time he was studying over the telegraph. In 1832, he got so far with it that he asked Congress to give him money with which to put up a line between Washington and Baltimore. No one else, however, believed in the idea and the money was not granted. He went to Europe to secure patents, but they were refused. While there he met Daguerre, the inventor of the daguerreotype and they talked much together. Daguerre explained his method of taking pictures. On Morse's return, he made the first apparatus and took the first daguerreotype in this country. The process did not become popular. The pictures could not compare with the photograph of to-day, and a person had to sit for a quarter of an hour in a glare of sunlight, without stirring and trying to keep from winking until his eyes ached.

In the winter of 1837-38, Morse was again in

Washington striving to interest Congress in his invention. He formed a circuit of ten miles and the Congressmen watched him at work. They thought it interesting, but would do nothing to help him. Morse was sensitive, and felt hurt when he saw them slyly laughing at him, and he knew they looked upon him as a "crank."

The only way to succeed in this world, as I have told you, is by sticking to it. The boy or man who is discouraged by the first or second or third failure, and gives up, will never amount to anything. Morse had met with enough rebuffs to cause any one to despair, but he knew his project was certain to succeed, sooner or later, and amaze the world.

He lived for three years by himself in a little room in New York. He cooked his own meals, when he had them to cook, and toiled and hoped on. There were days when he had not a penny. What money he made was earned by giving lessons in painting at the New York University. One of his students in after years told this story:

"I engaged to become one of Morse's pupils in painting. He had three others. I soon found that the Professor had little patronage. I paid my fifty dollars, which settled one quarter's instruction. I remember when my second was due, my remittance from home did not come as I expected, and one day the Professor came in and said to me courteously, 'Well, my boy, how are we off for money?' 'Why, professor, I am

sorry to say I have been disappointed, but I expect a remittance next week.' 'Next week,' he repeated sadly; 'I shall be dead by that time.'

"'Dead, sir?'"

"'Yes, dead by starvation.'"

"I was distressed and astonished. I said hurriedly, 'Would ten dollars be of any service?'"

"'Ten dollars would save my life; that is all it would do.'"

"I paid my money, all that I had, and we dined together. It was a modest meal, but good. After we had finished he said: 'This is my first meal in twenty-four hours.'"

In the end Congress yielded to the persistency of Morse and appropriated \$30,000 with which to build a line forty miles long between Washington and Baltimore. They had a hard time in insulating the wires; that is, in putting them up so that the electricity would stay in the wire and not run off into anything which touched it. At last the line was completed. Morse promised Miss Elsworth, the daughter of one of his most helpful friends, that she should send the first message over it. She did so in these words: "What hath God wrought!" This first telegram is still preserved among the treasures of the Connecticut Historical Society.

Much sport was made of the new invention. Some wag hung a pair of boots over the wire in Washington and told the crowd they had just arrived

from Baltimore. A gentlemen of some note was in earnest when he asked the size of the packages that could be sent by telegraph. A countrymen stood a long time watching the workmen putting up a line. Finally he sighed and remarked: "I think I can manage to hold on while scooting along that wire, but I'm sure to have trouble in going over the tops of the poles."

But success was in sight. The Democratic convention in Baltimore nominated James K. Polk for the Presidency. As soon as it was done many people boarded the cars which ran with all speed to Washington with the news. When the train arrived in the capital the passengers were amazed to find the tidings had been there over an hour. It had traveled by telegraph. One of the greatest inventions of the age had been completed and was a success. No one cared to express any more doubts or to ridicule it.

Some time passed, however, before the business paid. The receipts for the first four days were just one cent, and at the end of the month the total amount taken in was one dollar and four cents. Rochester, N. Y., was the first city to furnish men and money for a telegraph line. Others soon followed, until the business has grown to proportions beyond our power to comprehend.

It is a pleasure to know that the rewards so long withheld came to Professor Morse, the inventor of the telegraph. He received the highest honors from the rulers of Turkey, Prussia, France, Denmark, Spain and

other countries. At a special congress, the ten powers of Europe presented him with nearly one hundred thousand dollars, as an expression of the gratitude of their subjects.

As early as 1842, Morse laid a telegraph wire under water from Castle Garden at the lower end of New York, to Governor's Island in the harbor, but the anchor of a vessel destroyed it. The first submarine cable was laid in 1850, between Dover, England and Calais, France, and the first cable across the Atlantic was completed August 26, 1866.

In the summer of 1871, a statue was unveiled to the memory of Professor Morse in Central Park. It was erected by the "telegraphic brotherhood of the world." Every State in the Union, as well as the British provinces, sent delegates. The services at the public reception at the Academy of Music in the evening were impressive. When the venerable man came forward on the platform, the vast audience broke into cheering. He was led to a seat at a small table, on which was placed the first telegraph register ever used. It had been connected with every telegraph wire in America, as well as with those in foreign lands. Amid a profound stillness the father of the telegraph ticked his farewell message to the world in these words:

"Greeting and thanks to the telegraph fraternity throughout the world. Glory to God in the highest; on earth peace, good will toward men."

And then from the four corners of the earth

throbbed the answers in the form of a blessing on the bowed head of the old man, whose heart was melted by the touching tribute. He died April 2, 1872.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The extent of the telegraph wires in this country ; Samuel Finley Breese Morse ; his first attempts as a painter ; how the idea of a magnetic telegraph first entered his mind ; his instruction in painting under Benjamin West ; the progress he made ; what he did with the daguerreotype ; his visit to Washington and the result ; his poverty in the city of New York ; the incident told by one of his pupils ; the final action of Congress ; the first telegram ; the humor regarding the telegraph ; the news of the nomination of James K. Polk ; the first receipts from the business ; the honors paid Professor Morse ; the first telegraph wire under water ; the Atlantic cable ; the last tribute to Professor Morse ; his farewell message ; his death.



XV.

J. C. FREMONT.

Ärd'u-ous, attended with much difficulty. As-sig'n'ed, appointed. Ap-prō'pri-a'tion, money set apart. Drought (drou), want of rain. Ar-til'ler-y, cannon. Cäv'al-ry, troops that serve on horseback. In'fant-ry, foot-soldiers. Īm-pass'a-ble, that which cannot be passed. Vig'i-lance, watchfulness. Īn-de-pënd'ent, not subject to the control of others. Māuls, heavy wooden hammers or beetles.

YOU have learned that previous to the Revolution the settlements of our country were along or near the Atlantic coast. Before and during the war for independence, Daniel Boone, James Robertson, John Sevier and others crossed the Alleghenies and began putting up cabins, to which they afterward took their families. This went on until a large population had made their homes between those mountains and the Mississippi River. None thought of entering the immense region beyond, which stretched far away to the Pacific Ocean.

But as the country grew and prospered, it became clear that at no distant day that section would become an important part of the Union. Before that time arrived, it must be explored and people taught all

about it. During the Presidency of Jefferson, an expedition was sent out which crossed the continent to the Columbia River, down which it made its way to the Pacific. It brought back interesting information, which, however, was confined to a small part of the great West. It was necessary to learn much more before the country could be developed.

You have no idea of the ignorance in those days of the West. Some of your parents will remember that, in the school geographies they studied, a vast tract was marked "Unexplored Region." Where the mountains and rivers were shown they were wrong, and scores of large streams and towering mountains that ought to have been on the maps were not there. Strange that at so late a date the Americans knew hardly anything of half their country.

Thus matters stood until the year 1842, when a series of explorations of the West began under the direction of John Charles Fremont, who was born in Savannah, Georgia, January 21, 1813. He received a fine education, and became an accomplished civil engineer. He married the daughter of Senator Benton, one of the foremost statesmen of the country, who gave him much help in his arduous work.

Fremont's First Expedition.—Fremont's first expedition left the site of Kansas City, June, 10, 1842, and numbered twenty-eight men. They were well armed, and a famous mountaineer, Kit Carson, was the guide. They followed the general line of the Kansas

and Platte Rivers. Forty miles beyond the point where the North and South Forks of the Platte join, the party separated. Fremont and five men continued along the South Fork, while the others struck across the country to the North Fork, the two divisions uniting at Fort Laramie.

There they heard alarming news. Several Sioux (sôô) and Cheyenne (shĭ-enn') warriors had been killed by white men, and the Indians had gone on the war-path. Fremont was warned that, if he went further, he and all his party would be cut off. He asked several of the friendly Indians at the fort to go with him, but they refused. Some of the bravest of the mountaineers urged Fremont to advance no further, but he was determined to push on. He told his party that if they were afraid they were at liberty to stay behind. Only one man accepted the offer. Kit Carson looked upon the peril as so grave that he made his will before leaving the fort.

The danger, however, proved to be not from the Indians, but from other causes. The grasshoppers had eaten what grass was left by a severe drought. Of the immense droves of bison which in those days wandered over the plains, not an animal was to be seen. The red men caused no trouble, but men and horses suffered for food. They pressed forward, and, on the 15th of August, Fremont climbed one of the loftiest mountain peaks of the Wind River range, and planted the stars and stripes on the summit. The peak is about two

and a half miles high, and is named in honor of the explorer. This was the furthest point westward reached and the party returned to St. Louis in October.

Fremont's Second Expedition.—Valuable knowledge had been gained, but Fremont had only touched the edge of the great West. He had fairly begun his important work and the government decided to send him again, to go further and learn more. His second expedition started in the spring of 1843, and did not return until August of the following year. It included thirty-nine men, and after a part of the way had been traveled, was joined again by Carson as guide. Fremont was ordered to finish the survey of the line of communication between the State of Missouri and the tidewater region of the Columbia. In addition, he was to explore the country south of that river, of which very little was known.

Leaving Kansas City in the latter part of May, the explorers arrived in sight of Salt Lake early in September. Eight months later, they were at Utah Lake, the southern limit of the Great Salt Lake. They had traveled 3,500 miles, had viewed Oregon and California from the Rocky Mountains, and the principal streams which form harbors on the coast.

When the reports of Fremont were published, big changes had to be made in all the maps of that section. Americans were beginning to learn the truth about the great West. They knew for the first time of the existence of Great Salt Lake, Little Salt Lake, Klamath

Lake, the Sierra Nevada Mountains, the valleys of Sacramento and San Joaquin, the Three Parks and the Great Basin. It may be said that one direct result of this expedition was our gain of the State of California. The men suffered much from cold, hunger, and attacks by Indians, but they did a most important work, for which Fremont was rewarded with the title of captain by brevet; that is to say, he received the title of captain, without the rank or pay.

Fremont's Third Expedition.—The third expedition set out in the autumn of 1845. Its object was to complete the exploration of the Great Basin, and to extend the survey west and southwest, with a view of finding the best route to the Pacific in that lower latitude. Fremont reached California in December. As on the previous expeditions, the men suffered severely from the weather, lack of food and the enmity of the Indians. It was necessary several times to divide the party, but the work assigned was carried through with vigor and thoroughness.

Fremont knew before leaving home that our country was on the verge of a war with Mexico, which owned California. So, when he and his sixty odd men entered that province, they were likely to face a new kind of trouble. Leaving his party, he rode to Monterey (mōn'ta-ray) to ask permission of the authorities to go into the valley of the San Joaquin to recruit. The request was granted and Fremont rode back to his camp. His company, however, had hardly entered the

valley when they learned that General Castro was marching to attack them with a strong force of artillery, cavalry and infantry. The Mexican commander insisted that Fremont's real business was to rouse the people of California to rebellion.

Since the Americans expected to be attacked, they prepared for it. They took a strong position in the mountains overlooking Monterey, intrenched themselves and ran up the flag of the United States. They waited for three days, but General Castro did not disturb them. Not wishing to involve his country in trouble, and believing all danger past, Fremont withdrew and began his march to Oregon, intending to return by that route to the United States. A number of his men were so pleased with California that he allowed them to settle there.

Marching slowly until the middle of May, the explorers reached the northern shore of Great Klamath Lake. Their further progress was barred by the impassable mountains, covered with snow, and by the hostility of the Indians. These had been stirred up by General Castro. They gave the Americans no rest, attacking them on every opportunity. Four of the explorers were killed and wounded, and only by constant vigilance were they able to save themselves from being cut off.

More disquieting news reached the party. Castro was advancing upon them with a strong force, intending not only to destroy Fremont's command, but the Amer-

ican settlers in the valley of the Sacramento. Fremont then did a brilliant piece of work. He turned on Castro and by a number of rapid attacks overthrew him and established an independent government in California. There was more fighting, and disturbances continued for several months. Fremont received help from the naval forces on the coast and finally the conquest was complete. California became independent and he was appointed its first governor.

Fremont's Fourth Expedition.—The three expeditions named were the only ones sent out by the government under charge of Fremont. He resigned from the army early in 1848. In the fall of that year he started on his disastrous fourth expedition. His purpose was to discover the best route to California by way of the upper waters of the Rio Grande and the Indian country. His company numbered about thirty, some of whom had been with him on one or more of his former expeditions. Kit Carson, however, the most valuable of them all, was not a member. Another hunter was hired as guide. He knew nothing of the country and involved the whole party in one of the most dreadful experiences ever known.

Fremont set out in the fall of the year, because he wished to learn what difficulties had to be overcome in winter. Before long a railway line would connect the Atlantic with the Pacific and it was important to know the best route for it. The course chosen led through the country of the Utahs, Apaches, Navahoes, Coman-

FREMONT IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS.





ches and Kioways, all savage tribes with whom our country was at war.

The company arrived at the base of the first mountain range late in November. They dismounted and waded waist deep in snow. On the other side, they found themselves at the head of a beautiful valley. With his telescope Fremont plainly saw the pass which led through the mountains beyond. The guide, however, insisted that the leader was mistaken and unfortunately his advice was followed.

They now began climbing the mountain chain which towered before them. The snow was so deep that they had to beat it down with mauls before their mules could advance. When at last they reached the summit and started down the other side they were struck by such an intensely cold hurricane that neither men nor animals could withstand it. At times they had to lie flat on their faces to keep from being whirled off their feet by the awful tempest of snow. The poor mules, one hundred and twenty in number, froze stiff while huddling together and tumbled over like so many blocks of wood. It was certain death to go on or to stay where they were. Facing about, the men scrambled back over the mountain, and, finding a little shelter on the other side, kindled a fire and by crowding close together saved themselves from freezing to death.

Their situation was fearful. It would take ten days to reach the nearest settlement. Their animals were dead and hardly any provisions left. The weather was

like that which drives back the arctic explorers when striving to reach the North Pole. All seemed doomed to perish.

Seeing that something must be done without delay, Fremont selected several of his hardiest men and sent them to the settlement for relief. He gave them ten days to go and ten to return. Those that were left behind huddled together, hoping their lives might hold out until help came.

Sixteen days went by and the little party remained alive. Fremont had been anxious from the first about the fate of those sent away. He doubted whether they would be able to get through. If not cut off by Indians, they would be overcome by cold and starvation. He decided to start after them. He set out with four companions intending, if he found nothing of the others, to keep on until he could bring help to the miserable beings to whom he bade good-bye. All were on foot with the snow almost to their arm pits, their blankets, containing a few morsels of food, strapped to their backs.

After floundering for six days through the snow, they stumbled upon the camp of their guide. The men were gaunt, wild-eyed and reduced to skeletons. One of them had died and his body was partly eaten by his companions. The three survivors were helped to their feet and all tottered forward.

A little further and they came upon signs of Indians. At any other time, they would have fled, but now they groped through the snow for them. On the

bank of the frozen Del Norte, they saw a warrior getting water from a hole in the ice. He was surrounded and made prisoner. To Fremont's joy he proved to be an old acquaintance, whom he had met several years before and to whom he had given a number of presents. The Indian was glad to meet them and proved himself the best sort of friend. He let them have four horses and showed them the way to the nearest settlement. The explorers safely reached Taos, where Fremont and his companions were sheltered and fed by their old friend Kit Carson. Supplies were sent back without delay to those that had been left behind in the mountains and who were in sore need of help.

I will not try to tell you what those poor men underwent. When they had eaten the last of their scanty food, they devoured what bones they could find, and in the end chewed their moccasins and even the strings of their shoes in the effort to stay the pangs of hunger. One of their number proposed to eat the bodies of those that died, but I am glad to say it was never done. Most of the time the thermometer stood twenty degrees below zero. One-third of the number perished before the help sent by Fremont reached them.

Fremont's Fifth Expedition.—From Taos Fremont made his way to California, where he settled. In December, he was chosen the first United States Senator from the new State. He was appointed for the short term as it is called. When it was ended, he went to

Europe to arrange for selling some of the rights to the valuable land he had acquired in California. While abroad, he learned that the government had made an appropriation for completing the survey which he had partially made, and about which you have just been told. He hurried back and set out on his fifth and last expedition. This was made in 1853 and '54 and was successful in every way, even though he and his men were obliged to go forty-eight hours without food and lived for fifty days on horseflesh. He crossed the Rocky Mountains at the sources of the Arkansas and Colorado Rivers, through the Mormon settlements and the Great Basin and discovered numerous passes, which have proven of great value. In 1856 Fremont, "the Pathfinder," was the first candidate of the new Republican party for the Presidency, but was defeated by James Buchanan, the nominee of the Democratic party.

Fremont lived for some time in California, but was in Europe when the Civil War broke out. He returned and was made major-general and assigned to the command of the western district. He issued an order, declaring free all slaves in his district. He had, however, no right to do this. President Lincoln saw that the time had not arrived for that step and declared the order of no effect. Fremont was recalled and three months later given command of the mountain district of Virginia, Kentucky and Tennessee. His services

were not important and he soon resigned. He died in New York, July 13, 1890.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The ignorance of the great West ; the steps taken in 1842 ; J. C. Fremont ; his first expedition ; the alarming news at Fort Laramie ; what followed ; Fremont's Peak ; the second expedition ; the discoveries made ; the sufferings of the explorers ; the third expedition ; its object ; the threatened war with Mexico ; Fremont's visit to Monterey ; the troubles with General Castro ; the independence of California ; the fourth expedition ; the guide ; the purpose of the expedition ; its dangers ; the mistake of the guide ; what followed ; what was done by Fremont ; their Indian friend ; the relief ; the fifth expedition ; its purpose and success ; Fremont's nomination for the Presidency ; his services during the Civil War ; his death.



XVI.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Ėl'o-quent, expressing strong emotions. Täck'le, to lay hold of. Hōme'spun, wrought at home, coarse. Fēē, reward for services. Se-cēd'ing, withdrawing from association. In-tēn'si-fied, made more intense or extreme. For-bear'-ing, patient, kind.

WHO will be President of the United States fifty years from now? No one can tell. It may be a member of your class. It may be you. I have no doubt that some schoolboy who is studying this little book, will, one of these days, become the head of the greatest nation in the world. Do not forget, however, that, to reach that high station, you must study hard and improve every opportunity to grow wiser and better.

Now who would have dreamed, when, shortly after the War of 1812, a hunter tramped over the mountains of Kentucky, with his family, that his toddling boy, who could not read or write a word, would be one of the greatest men that ever sat in the Presidential chair? Yet so it proved. That boy was Abraham Lincoln, born in Kentucky, February 12, 1809. He was seven

years old when his folks moved into the backwoods of Indiana.

The Youth of Lincoln.—The father was as poor as he could be. I doubt whether any of you have ever



EARLY HOME OF LINCOLN.

seen such a wretched log cabin as that in which he lived. It had only three sides. The fourth was open to all kinds of weather. Wood was piled in this yawning space, and when the fire was not beaten out by the driving storm, or the smoke did not choke the inmates,

they managed to be comfortable. As for schooling, young Abraham Lincoln hardly knew what it meant. Now and then he went to the backwoods school, where the chief work of the crabbed teacher was to bring down a big switch on the backs of the pupils, so as to keep them in order. But young Lincoln studied hard and soon learned to read and write. He read with close attention whatever books he could borrow from his neighbors. Among these were the Bible, a life of Washington, and one of Henry Clay. He read them over and over again.

The youth did one sensible thing: he tried to express his thoughts in clear language that a child could understand. He did not use big words, as some people do to make their hearers think they know a great deal. His wish was that all who heard him should know just what he meant. We should try to do the same.

Lincoln grew to be six feet four inches tall. He was thin, with a homely face and features, but was very strong, and one of the best wrestlers for miles around. He was fond of jokes and telling stories. His stories all had point, and his humor was delightful. He could amuse any audience by his wit and laughable anecdotes. They were often more effective than the most eloquent speeches.

While a young man, he was placed in charge of a flatboat to go to New Orleans. Those craft carried the produce of the country down the Ohio to where it joins

the Mississippi, and thence to the mouth of the mighty river. They floated with the current, helped sometimes by the long, sweeping oars. At the end of the voyage they were sold, for it was impossible to row them several hundred miles back again against the current. Who would have thought of picking out a flatboatman as the man who was to be twice elected President of the United States?

The father of Lincoln became tired of the country where he was always poor and moved to Illinois. The son helped to build the cabin in which they were to live. He split a good many of the rails used in building fences round the fields. Because of this, many called him the "Rail Splitter of Illinois," when he became a candidate for the Presidency. He earned his clothes by hiring out as a common laboring man. All the time he strove to improve his mind. It is said that once when he could not make a number of stubborn hogs go on a flatboat, he picked them up, one by one, and carried the squealing animals aboard.

He next became a clerk in a country grocery. He was liked, for none could tell better stories, and he could throw any man that dare tackle him in a wrestling bout. Best of all, he was honest. More than once he walked several miles to correct a mistake by which he had given a customer a few pennies short in change. As before, he studied hard during his spare time.

Lincoln was so well thought of that when he helped raise a company, in 1832, to take part in the Black

Hawk War, he was chosen captain. He and his men were ready to fight, but the war was over before they got a chance to show their bravery.

Lincoln's Failures and Successes.—His next venture was to try to run a grocery store for himself. His partner was good for nothing, and it is to be feared that Lincoln himself paid more attention to his studies than to his business. Of course a failure followed, leaving him deeply in debt. He lived as savingly as he could until he had paid the last cent. He served awhile as country postmaster, and then became a surveyor. He had grown so popular because of his honesty, wit, good nature and kindness, that his neighbors elected him to the legislature. He bought a suit of homespun, and walked a hundred miles to Springfield to attend that body. When the session was over, he took up surveying, and studied as he gained the opportunity. In 1837, he became a lawyer, and went to Springfield to live.

Many anecdotes are told of his honesty and kindness of heart. When a man asked him to take his case, Lincoln of course insisted on knowing all the particulars. If he thought his visitor was wrong, he would tell him so, give him good advice, and then decline to serve him. If the client was too poor to pay a fee, it made no difference. Lincoln would work as hard for him as if he were wealthy. That was not the way to get rich, but it brought that which is better than riches—an approving conscience.

He was elected to Congress in 1846, about the time our war with Mexico broke out. He opposed the war, but attracted little attention until he engaged in a political debate with Senator Douglas of Illinois. Some of the greatest of American statesmen, like Webster, Clay, Calhoun, Benton, and others, were then in Congress, and Lincoln was too modest to thrust himself forward. He left no doubt, however, where he stood on all public questions. While he was a Congressman, many angry discussions took place as to whether slavery should be allowed in the territories. Lincoln had no wish to interfere with it in the States where it then existed, but he did what he could to prevent its entrance into the territories.

Lincoln's strength among the American people grew fast. He became known as a powerful debater, whose wit, humor and good sense never failed him. He planted himself on the ground of no slavery in the territories. The South was resolved that it should go there. The quarrel between the North and South grew more bitter until we were close upon civil war.

Lincoln as President.—When the time came, in 1860, for the men opposed to slavery to nominate a man for the Presidency, they selected Lincoln. He was the candidate of the Republican party. The Democrats could not agree upon a single candidate and so divided their strength that Lincoln was elected.

Those were stirring days. The South believed in what is called "State rights;" that is, that every State

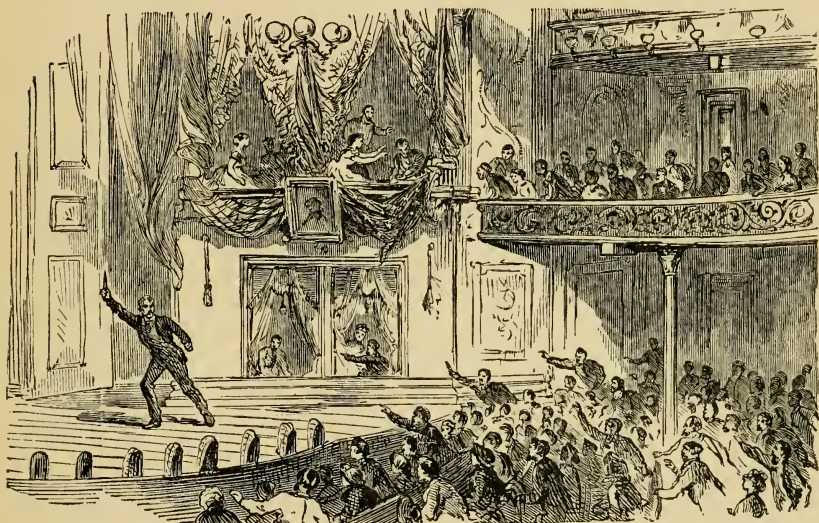
had the right to do as it saw fit about staying in or going out of the Union. They felt that the election of a President opposed to the extension of slavery gave them good cause for seceding. Accordingly, the different slave States met in convention and declared themselves no longer in the Union. They formed the Southern Confederacy and elected Jefferson Davis President. When, therefore, Lincoln became President he found one-third of the States arrayed in arms against the United States government. He determined to bring them all back.

The war spirit ran like a prairie fire over the North and South. Thousands of more volunteers than were asked for rushed forward and clamored to be given places in the ranks. The sound of the fife and drum was heard through the night as well as the day. The streets were crowded with the marching soldiers, cheering and eager to fight. Railway trains and steamers were loaded down with armed regiments hurrying southward, where every city, town, village, hamlet and the backwoods poured out their volunteers to repel the invaders from the North.

The capture of Fort Sumter in Charleston harbor by the Confederates in April, 1861, intensified the war spirit of both sections. Richmond was made the capital of the Southern Confederacy and its Congress assembled there in July. During the same month, the Northern and Southern armies met in the battle of Ma-

nassas, or Bull Run. The Union army was defeated and driven back in confusion to Washington.

I cannot tell you in this place about the Civil War. You will find something more in the story of General Grant and the particulars in the large histories. The advantage at first was with the South, who were brave



ASSASSINATION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.

and commanded by skilful leaders, but the North outnumbered them and had more resources. By and by, the North began to gain and the war ended in April, 1865. The South was conquered and gradually each State came back into the Union which is now far stronger than ever before.

Lincoln proved himself the man of all others to be

President during the war for the Union. His genius told him the right time to take an important step. His mistakes were few and did not hinder to any extent the cause of the Union. He was patient and forbearing and selected the right men to lead the armies and to give him counsel. When he was shot by an assassin, on the 14th of April, 1865, the South lost a friend and he was mourned not only by all the North, but throughout the civilized world.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The birth of Abraham Lincoln; his younger days; the sensible thing he did; his personal appearance; his wit and skill in story-telling; his experience as a flatboatman; in splitting rails; as a country grocer; in the Black Hawk War; as country postmaster; in the legislature; his honesty; in Congress; his popularity; his election to the Presidency; the Southern Confederacy; the war spirit North and South; Fort Sumter and Manassas, or Bull Run; the end of the war; the genius of Lincoln; his death.



XVII.

U. S. GRANT.

At-tain'ments, that which is learned or attained. Rēg'i-ment, a body of soldiers, usually ten companies, commanded by a colonel. Quart'er-mās'ter, an officer who provides quarters, supplies, transportation, etc., for troops. Blōck-ād'ed, closed by troops or ships. Re-tire'ment, state of being retired or withdrawn. Il-lūs'tri-ous, distinguished, famous, exalted. Mēm'oir (mēm'wor or mē'mwor), a familiar history or biography.

THE most famous general on the Union side during the Civil War was born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April, 27, 1822. His parents removed the following year to the village of Georgetown, in the same State, where the son spent his boyhood. Some persons do not achieve greatness until well along in years, while others require trying occasions to develop the ability within them. It was thus with General Grant.

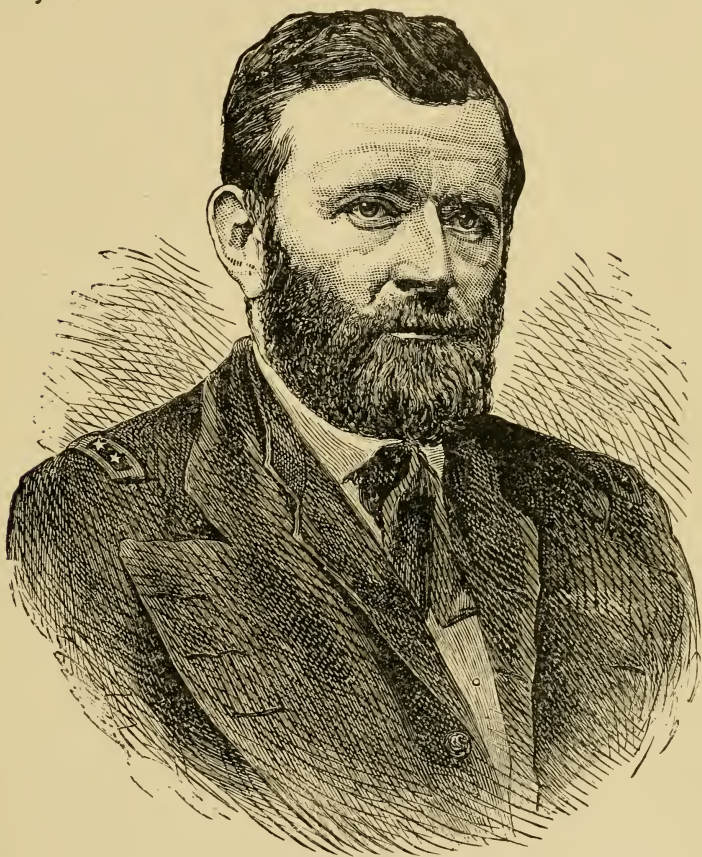
There was little, if anything, in his boyhood to reveal his military genius. He wrought like other lads to help his father, first on a farm and later in a tannery. He became a strong, sturdy youth, of moderate stature, was quiet, thoughtful and did what was required of him with thoroughness. At the age of seventeen, he was

appointed a cadet to the West Point Military Academy. Although his name was Hiram Ulysses Grant, his appointment was made out for Ulysses Simpson Grant. Thus it remained ever afterward.

Grant's First Services as a Soldier.—Grant was graduated twenty-first in a class of thirty-nine. This was fair. He might have done better, had he applied himself more, but he was not specially fond of a military life. At best he could not have led his class. He showed fine attainments in mathematics. In the summer of 1845, the regiment to which he was attached as second lieutenant was ordered to Texas, to join the army of General Taylor. The first fighting Grant saw was at Palo Alto (păh'lo ähl'to), one of the opening battles of the Mexican War. He took part in the engagements of Resaca de la Palma (ră-săh'cah dă läh pähl'ma), Monterey and the siege of Vera Cruz (vă'rah crôôz). He was made quartermaster of his regiment, but still took part in all its operations. He was appointed first lieutenant on the field for gallantry and breveted captain at Chapultepec (chă-pôôl'te-pec').

After the fall of the city of Mexico, Grant came back with his regiment and was stationed first at Detroit and afterward at Sackett's Harbor. He married Miss Julia Dent of St. Louis in 1848. Four years later he accompanied his regiment to California and Oregon and soon afterward was commissioned full captain. He resigned in 1854, moved to St. Louis and spent several years on a farm near the city. He acted also as

real estate agent and tried to obtain the office of city surveyor, but failed. He next lived at Galena, Illinois,



ULYSSES S. GRANT.

where he was employed by his father in the leather trade. He served also as clerk in his store, his wages being fifty dollars a month.

Grant in the Civil War.—The Civil War was at hand. When President Lincoln issued his call for volunteers, Grant was chosen captain of a company raised in Galena and marched with it to Springfield, the capital. The governor retained him as aide and he acted as mustering officer of the Illinois volunteers, until appointed colonel of the twenty-first regiment. He joined it at Mattoon, organized and drilled it at Caseyville and then crossed into Missouri, where it formed part of the guard of the Hannibal and Missouri Railway.

In one respect, Grant showed marked wisdom from the first. As soon as he was given charge of a body of men he set to work drilling them. Other Union officers were inclined to spend months in camp while doing this, but Grant drilled them, as may be said, "on the run." While doing so, he hunted for the enemy. He reasoned that if he took a long time to prepare his recruits, his opponents would do the same, so that when he was ready for battle, they would be equally ready. The relative position of the two would remain as if no delay had taken place. Besides, a great deal of valuable time would be lost.

On the last day of July, 1861, Grant was placed in command of the troops at Mexico, Missouri. These formed part of the forces under General Pope. He was promoted to brigadier-general the following month and took command of the troops at Cairo. With his usual promptness, he occupied Paducah, Kentucky,

which was threatened by the Confederates. His first battle in the Civil War was at Belmont in November. He commanded in person and had a horse shot under him. He drove the Confederates out of their camp and then withdrew to his fleet on the river, cutting his way through the reinforcements that were coming.

That which brought his name before the whole country was the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson. It was the first real victory of the war and thrilled the North with hope. The name of the victor was on every one's lips and people began to ask why the other Union generals could not do as well as he.

The terrific battle of Pittsburg Landing followed. This, at first, was a victory for the Confederates, who surprised Grant. They were led by Albert Sidney Johnston, one of their ablest generals, and at one time the Union army was in danger of being overwhelmed. But General Johnston was killed and in the end the Confederates were beaten back.

The history of General Grant now became the leading feature of the history of the war for the Union. The particulars of his great work will be found in the books which you expect to study. When the Civil War opened, it was necessary for the government to do three things before the Union could be restored and the seceding States brought back.

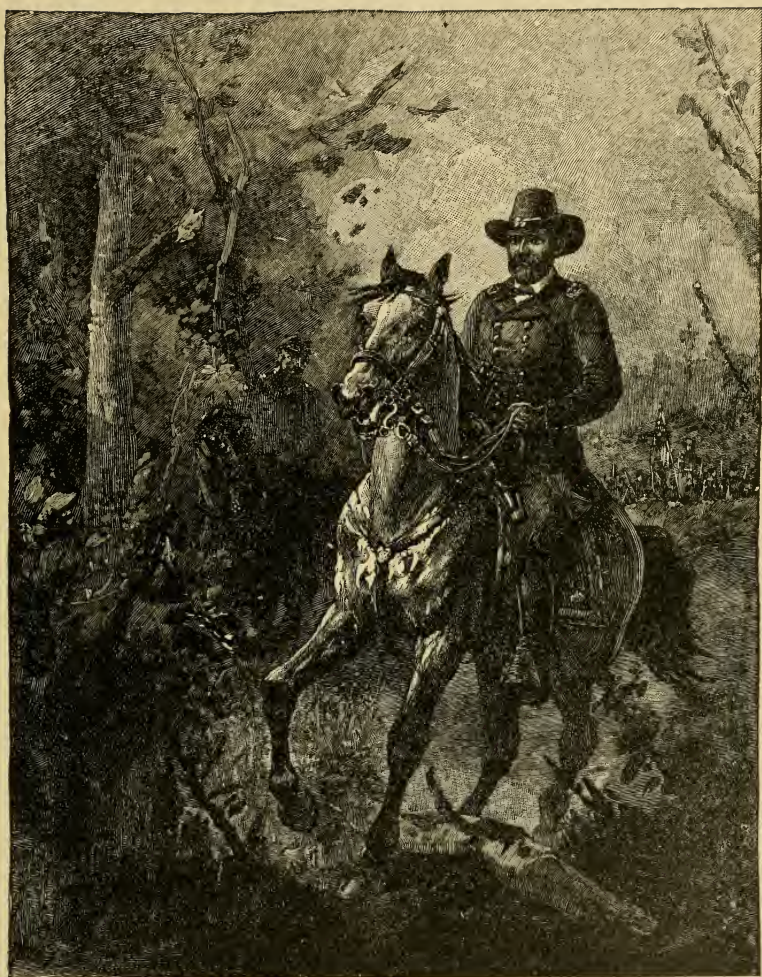
First, all the Southern ports had to be blockaded to prevent the Confederate cruisers taking out cotton and bringing back supplies. Second, the Mississippi

must be opened all the way to its mouth. The Confederacy drew upon Texas and the vast section beyond for most of its cattle and provisions. Besides, a number of the seceding States were on the other side of the river. Thus, you see, if the batteries which the Confederates had placed along the lower Mississippi could be destroyed and the soldiers driven away, the Confederacy would be cut in two. The third thing necessary was the capture of the strongest of the Confederate armies, which was in Virginia, under General Robert E. Lee. He was one of the ablest military leaders in the country, and for years defeated every Union army sent against him and prevented all attempts to capture Richmond, the capital of the Confederacy.

Vicksburg was the great obstacle to the opening of the Mississippi. Grant laid siege to it, and, after months of hard fighting, it surrendered on the 4th of July, 1863. This victory opened the Mississippi throughout its whole length.

Almost on the same day, General Lee, who had begun an invasion of the North, was defeated at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, in one of the most tremendous battles of modern times. The Confederacy received a mortal wound, but it continued to fight bravely for nearly two years longer.

As I have told you, General Lee defeated and for a time drove back every army that tried to reach Richmond. The success of Grant in the west caused the government to bring him east to try what he could do



"THE MAN ON HORSEBACK" (U. S. GRANT).



against Lee. It was the most gigantic task of the war. The fighting was fearful, but Grant was given all the soldiers he needed, while Lee's army steadily dwindled, because the South had all her able-bodied men in the ranks and could get no more.

So Grant kept hammering away and pushing Lee back. The day came in April, 1865, when Lee saw it was useless to resist any longer. Richmond had fallen and President Davis and the leading officers of the Confederacy had fled southward. Lee, therefore, surrendered what was left of his brave army. Soon after, armed resistance to the Federal armies ceased everywhere, and by and by all the States were back again in the Union.

Grant as President.—The gratitude which every lover of the Union felt for its foremost defender caused honors to be heaped upon General Grant. He was elected President in 1868 and re-elected four years later. Soon after his retirement, he made a journey round the world. The illustrious soldier was received everywhere with the highest honors.

Grant's Closing Years.—General Grant now entered into business in New York. He was successful for a time, but in the end lost a great deal of money, through the dishonesty of persons with whom he was associated. Not long after, a cancer appeared at the root of his tongue. He suffered greatly and during his last sickness prepared his memoirs. These appeared in two large volumes and reached an enormous sale.

He died July 23, 1885, at Mount McGregor, New York. His funeral services were the most impressive ever held in the United States.

General Grant will always hold a high place in the hearts of his admiring countrymen. He and President Lincoln did more than any other two men to restore the Union. Both were honest and wise and loved their country more than their lives. Grant showed wisdom in selecting his helpers. Hardly second to his fame is that of Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and a host of others, who gave unswerving support and invaluable aid, while back of them all was the solid wall of the hundreds of thousands of "boys in blue," who rallied to the defence of our country in her hour of sorest need.



Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The birth and boyhood of U. S. Grant; his change of name; Grant at West Point; in the Mexican War; in civil life; his first service in the Civil War; his practice of drilling his soldiers "on the run;" his first battle; the capture of Forts Henry and Donelson; the battle of Pittsburg Landing; of Gettysburg; the surrender of General Lee; Grant as President; his tour round the world; his closing days; his place in the hearts of his countrymen.



XVIII.

THOMAS A. EDISON.

Re-törts', vessels in which substances are distilled or dissolved by heat. Präc'ti-cal, capable of being turned to use. E-läb'-o-rate, highly finished. Cab, the place provided for the engineer and fireman on a locomotive. Bär'ri-er, any obstruction. Gën'er-ate, to produce, to cause. Dÿ'na-mo', the instrument in an electrical machine where the electricity is generated. Plant, fixtures and tools for carrying on any trade.

ONE day, just before the opening of the Civil War, I was riding over the Grand Trunk Railway of Canada and Central Michigan. Between two of the important stations, the train boy came hustling into the car, with a bundle of papers under his arm. I noticed his glazed cap and the muffler round his neck, as well as his bright, wide-awake manner. When he asked me to buy a copy of the *Grand Trunk Herald*, I very willingly did so.

A glance over the paper showed it was of a boyish character, and printed only on one side. It was twelve by sixteen inches in size, and the contents were furnished mostly by railway men. There were two remarkable facts, however, connected with that little

paper: it was the only journal in the world printed on a railway train, and the grinning boy who printed it was destined to become one of the most remarkable men that ever lived. He was Thomas Alva Edison, born at

Milan, Ohio, February 11, 1847.



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His mother had formerly been a school teacher, and she gave her son about all the instruction he ever received. His regular schooling amounted to less than two months. He was a great reader. His intense curiosity to learn whatever he could caused him to read everything on which he could lay hands. When only ten years old, he was deep in different

histories, encyclopedias, and works on chemistry. His parents were poor, and at the age of twelve, he began earning wages for himself. He was so energetic that he soon ran a book store, a vegetable store and news stand, and had eleven boys under him.

The inquiring mind of Edison had already shown itself. In an unused section of a smoking car, he

gathered a number of bottles and retort stands, and while the train was rattling over the road pushed his experiments as a chemist. He had picked up some idea of printing in the offices of Detroit and he now bought a lot of worn type, added a printing office to his establishment, and began the publication of the *Grand Trunk Herald*. It reached a circulation of about four hundred copies, and he printed some forty numbers before his interests in other directions compelled him to stop.

Young Edison showed the practical bent of his mind by telegraphing in advance along the road the head lines of the exciting war news in the principal papers he sold. He thus roused so much curiosity that when he arrived at the station crowds were clamoring for the papers. He quickly sold all at five times their usual price.

The end of his run was Detroit. There he found plenty of chances to gratify his love for reading. When he walked into the public library and feasted his eyes on the treasures spread before him, he resolved to read right through every book in the collection. He began on the lower shelf, with the most elaborate works, and, omitting nothing, actually read fifteen feet in a line.

Such a wide awake, inquisitive boy was sure to meet with some mishaps. One day, during his absence, a bottle of phosphorus fell on the floor and set the baggage car on fire. The angry conductor put out the flames and then kicked all the possessions of the youth

from the car. When Edison appeared he was soundly cuffed. A sad result of this punishment was that he has been partially deaf ever since.

One of the lad's ventures was the publication at Port Huron of a small paper called *Paul Pry*. Some of the writers made their articles so personal that they gave offence. One person was so provoked that he seized Edison by the neck and heels and flung him into the river. The lad got a taste of the trials of an editor thus early in life.

He felt a growing interest in telegraphy. He and another boy rigged up a short line and sent messages back and forth. Finding he could save himself a long walk by leaping from the train, he fixed a pile of sand at the right place and regularly jumped off, when the cars were going twenty-five or thirty miles an hour. A little child of one of the station-masters strayed in front of a train, and would have been killed but for young Edison, who, at the risk of his own life, made a flying leap in front of the engine, and snatched the little one from death. The grateful father paid the lad in the best way possible: he taught him to be a skilful telegraph operator.

While still a boy, he showed much ingenuity. I suppose you know that any trained telegraphist can read a message by sound. That is, by standing in an office and listening to the clicking of the instrument, he can easily make out the message passing over the wires. It happened one day that an ice-jam broke the

cable between Port Huron in Michigan and the station on the Canada side. The river there is more than a mile wide and all communication was at an end for the time. The stream was impassable and it would take a long while to mend the cable.

Edison climbed into the cab of a locomotive, standing near the river and began tooting the whistle. He broke the sounds into long and short bursts, corresponding with those of a telegraph instrument. After awhile, the operator on the other side understood what he was doing and answered in the same way. Thus the telegraphing continued until the cable was mended. Several years followed during which Edison wandered from place to place with his eyes and ears wide open. He had become an expert telegraphist and had no trouble in securing work when he wanted it. He was beginning to believe in himself.

In 1868, he entered a Boston office in quest of a job. His dress was so shabby and his appearance so uncouth that his fellow-operators thought they would have some sport at his expense. They placed him at the New York wire, because the man at the other end sent matter faster than any one else. He was notified of the scheme on foot and urged to do his best. So he began telegraphing to the new operator at his highest speed. The other young men smiled and watched Edison to see how he would make out. He knew what was going on and, in a hand as beautiful as copperplate, wrote out the messages as fast as they were ticked off.

Not only that, but he called to the operator in New York to hurry up and send matter faster. Edison certainly had the best of that joke.

His habit of wandering about and spending his money in books, chemicals and experiments kept him so poor that at times he had hardly enough to eat. In the same year that the little incident just told about took place he went to New York. He spent several weeks strolling about the city, hungry and in tattered garments. One day he walked into the office of the Law Gold Reporting Company. There was great excitement in Wall street and throughout the country. A break had caused the company to shut down their entire plant, for no one could tell where the accident had happened in the machinery. Edison put his finger on the difficulty at once. He was given employment and in a short time, received a check for \$40,000 as his share of an improved stock printer.

From this time forward his reputation grew rapidly. He had already begun work on some of his greatest inventions. He was and is so absorbed in these that for fifteen years and more he has averaged twenty hours a day of work. He has been known to spend sixty successive hours on one problem, then fall asleep, and when he awoke refreshed has attacked the same question again.

A peculiarity of this remarkable man is that as soon as he completes an invention he does not wish to see or hear of it again. All his interest in it vanishes

and he hurries to some other problem. He has not used a telephone for ten years and says he would walk a long way to avoid one of his own incandescent lights.

It would be vain to try to describe or tell about the inventions of Edison. His patents number almost a thousand. You have seen the phonograph, the instrument in which you can talk or sing, and then by turning a crank hear it repeated by the machine. The voice can thus be preserved for hundreds and perhaps thousands of years. By means of the telepone a person in New York can hold a conversation with a friend in Chicago, just as though the two were sitting together in a room. Before long, no doubt, the Atlantic Ocean will be no barrier to a chat between folks.

Suppose the phonograph were an old invention: to-day we could listen to the voices of Washington, Columbus, Shakespeare, and even the prophets and good men we read about in the Bible. How startling the thought that you may utter words and sentences which will be heard a thousand years from now by the people that will then be on the earth, and just as they were spoken by you!

Edison has found out how to send two currents through a wire at the same time and two others also at the same time from an opposite direction. It is estimated that in America alone this invention has saved the enormous sum of \$15,000,000. He expects to increase the quadruple system, or four currents, to six or eight.

One of his machines is called a tasimeter. It meas-

ures heat and is so delicate that it shows the variation of one-millionth of a degree of the thermometer. If you stand within eight feet, it will tell the temperature of your body, as it will that of a gas jet a hundred and twenty feet distant. It is so sensitive to moisture that it has moved eleven degrees when one's finger with a drop of water was held five inches away.

The microphone magnifies all sounds a hundred thousand times. The buzzing of a fly or the humming of a bee through the microphone sounds like peals of deafening thunder or the roar of Niagara Falls.

Now, if you will stop to think for a few minutes, you can see how useful these inventions may become. Among the greatest dangers to navigation are the mountains of ice that sweep down from the far North and crush the strongest vessel as if it were an eggshell. The tasimeter will give notice, through the lowering of the temperature, of the approach of an iceberg when the keenest eye cannot detect its approach in the darkness. When the microphone is perfected what is to prevent a boy standing on this side of the Atlantic and talking with his cousin in England, or with some person in Asia or Africa? The great difficulty at present is that the microphone magnifies all sounds within its reach so that the din becomes overwhelming.

Here is another invention which Edison is studying over and which he says he is certain to master. To generate electricity we have to burn coal, which makes steam. This is changed into force or energy, and that

into electricity. By the time the energy from the coal reaches the dynamo, where the electricity appears, it has lost six-sevenths of its power and still more goes to waste. Now, if the steam engine can be left out and the electricity be obtained directly from the coal, what a saving it will make !

Our Atlantic steamers which burn 2,500 tons of coal in crossing the ocean would burn only 250 tons. The ship-builders say that if they could burn 2,000 tons a day, the steamers would attain a speed of forty knots an hour. When Edison completes his invention, 200 tons a day will do as much as 2,000 tons do now. We shall then be able to go from New York to London in two or three days.

When that time arrives our locomotives will no longer be run by steam. Electricity will be used as it is now used with street cars. Edison thinks the speed of our express trains will be about one hundred and fifty miles an hour. At that rate the journey from New York to San Francisco will begin and end within a day.

Now, when Edison says he has only begun his discoveries and inventions, no one can guess what is coming next. It is reasonable to believe that the day is not distant when every person will have his air-ship or balloon, which he will handle as easily as boys and girls manage their bicycles. The engines of war will be made so fearfully destructive that nations will not dare to fight each other. The farmer will set up a small electric plant and then plough his ground, cut his wood and

do all his own work, as well as the chores which now fall to the lot of the boys and younger members of the family.

But by and by this marvelous man must lie down and die. His mighty brain and inventive powers cannot find a way of extending life beyond the regular span of years. When he passes away who shall take his place?

Perhaps it may be you who are reading these words. It would be untrue to say that by hard study you can equal Edison. His ability is a gift which no man has ever equalled, but all of us can improve our minutes and hours. If you have a bent in the direction of invention it will soon show itself. Every one has a talent for some calling or profession and perhaps in the mind of more than one boy or girl is slumbering the wonderful genius of an Edison. If so, the surest means of developing it is by hard work and the fullest improvement of time.

Tell in your own words what you have learned about :

The *Grand Trunk Herald*; Edison's birth; his thirst for knowledge; his business energy; his work on the railway train; as a chemist; the mishap that befell him; his experience with his *Paul Pry* newspaper; his brave exploit; his telegraphing by means of a locomotive whistle; the incident in the Boston office; in the Law Gold Reporting Company; his capacity for mental work; his dislike of his completed inventions; the phonograph; the telephone; the phonograph, if it were an old invention; his quadruplex system of telegraphy; the tasimeter; the microphone; the process of obtaining electricity directly from coal; what will follow with our ocean steamers; with our locomotives; the field for future inventions.



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